

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY

FOR

APRIL, 1807.

For the Anthology.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

IN a former number a passage was cited from the great author of epick song, which might probably have given to his illustrious imitator the first hint of his design. It is presumed, that the reader will not conclude, that the Roman bard, in his formation of the character of Æneas, was under *no other* obligation to Homer, than for the assistance which that passage afforded. One of Homer's heroes, Virgil kept constantly in his eye, and he was, in fact, the original of his own. Hector's character incorporates so well the hero and the man, the strong lights of the one, are so tempered and restrained by the mellowing shades of the other, that the mind is in a continual state of fluctuation, pity rises into admiration, admiration relapses into pity. At one moment we behold the helmet of the warrior glittering consternation* in the midst of his

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* There is one passage in the Iliad, descriptive of the plume of an helmet, of such resplendent beauty, that I cannot resist the pleasure of transcription :

'Wide wav'd the golden honours of his head,
Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories shed.'

Vol. IV. No. 4.

X

enemies ; and we feel the stormy raptures of battle ; in the next the helmet loses its lustre, and we see him resigning his mind to the empire of the paternal and conjugal endearments. There is one remarkable point of contact between the two great champions of the respective armies, well worthy of notice. Both Hector and Achilles know that they must fall before the walls of Troy. This, so far from abating, serves only to animate their confidence in battle. Paradoxical as this may appear, it is capable of solution. A hero does not live for his *life* ; he lives for his *fame* ; and when he knows but a short space is allotted for the *one*, is resolved in that short space to give an eternity to the *other*. The character of Hector is moreover touched, by the hand of his immortal biographer, with an interest still more engaging. He knows that his native city is eventually to fall into the hands of a merciless enemy, that all his valour can only procrastinate the fatal hour, that his aged parents are to die by the sword, and the wife of his bosom to be sold a slave in foreign lands.

In the combat between Achilles and Hector, the point where Homer reserves the whole fire of his genius, the characters of the respective heroes blaze out in all their effulgence; but the effulgence is peculiarly *distinct* and *appropriate*. Hector found this the trying hour of his fortitude. His army is defeated, safe within the walls of the city, and himself only without, his implacable enemy approaching, whose prowess he has proved, and knows it superior to his own. His aged parents are on the ramparts, who, by every tender expostulation and intreaty, implore him to save Troy and themselves from certain destruction by declining the combat. In defiance of all these, he calmly meets his fate, and is denied his dying request, that his *corpse might be restored to his parents, and find a tomb in his native country*.

Often has it excited my surprise, that historick painters have not made this combat the subject of their pencils. One might represent a sketch of the walls of the city, the Trojan hero before them, his parents on the ramparts in the attitude of intreaty, the terrific Achilles approaching, and the contention between filial tenderness and fortitude in the countenance of Hector. Another might represent the two champions preparing to engage, and by a delicate delineation ascertain the scowling brow of Achilles, and his sanguinary eye, opposed to the calm and unruffled countenance of his antagonist. The next might show us the corpse of Hector despoiled of arms, and Achilles gazing on it with an inexorable countenance and a ferocious delight. Let any master of the pencil replenish his mind with Homer's ideas, and he will find in himself an original as

accurate to the eye, as if the bodies were presented for the transcription of light and shade.

This patriotick martyr was undoubtedly the original, from whence Virgil drew his portrait. Will it be thought poetical blasphemy to declare, that the shadow does not preserve in every feature the splendour and the inviolable interest of the original? Virgil, whose genius savoured more of the pathetic than the sublime, delighted to indulge in subjects most auspicious to his Muse. Whenever therefore Æneas mourns for the loss of his parent or his consort, or is agitated for the welfare of his surviving boy, the bard is perfectly at home. Such tender scenes are so plainly the favourites of his pencil, that he suffers no opportunity of that kind to pass unimproved. Witness the filial expostulation of Æneas with his father, to dissuade him from his determination not to survive the downfall of Troy; his anxiety, when he found his wife no longer the living companion of his bosom; the amiable contest between the two friends, Nisus and Euryalus, while the former endeavours to dissuade the latter from the meditated expedition, that he acknowledged might prove ruinous to *himself*, but at the same time might involve his *friend* in the same calamity; the affecting scene, where the aged mother of Euryalus deploras the death of her son; all these, and a multitude of others, proclaim that Virgil's muse was alive to the touch of the pathetic.

Homer, familiar to the sublime and the grand, now and then condescended to indulge his mighty fancy in the pathetic. Virgil's muse is occasionally lifted from the pathetic to the grand. This distinction rationally accounts for

the manifest diversity of character, which the original and the copy represent. Homer sinks to the pathetick, and the descent is easy ; Virgil rises to the sublime, and it costs him an effort, and a struggle. Hector, amidst all his calamities, sheds not a single tear ; Æneas scarcely fights a battle without one. A confusion of character is created by this, and the mind refuses to yield a ready assent to the fact, that a man, who weeps with so much facility, can fight with so much bravery. The Roman bard is anxious to impress his readers with the belief, that Æneas was more distinguished by his piety, than his valour. For this we have the authority of his own words.

‘ Quicquid apud duræ cepatum est
mœnia Trojæ ;
Hectoris Æniæque manu victoria Grai-
um
Hæsit, et in decimum vestigia retutit
annum,
*Ambo animis, ambo insignes prestantibus
armis,
Hic pietate prior.*’

Many English criticks have censured both of these immortal bards for the prodigal introduction of their Deities. Adopting the maxim of Horace,

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice
nodus
Inciderit,.....

they have not treated with becoming respect those celestial dignities, who condescended now and then to spare the blood of their favourites in the hour of danger by shedding their own. It is hoped, it will not be thought presumption, nor subject a man to the imputation of Paganism, to advocate the cause of Deities long since dead, who during their lives, if poets may be credited, rendered

such important services to poor mortals. The objection has not the true stamp of antiquity, and, like many ancient coins, bears too much the mark of modern time to be genuine. The success of battle *then* depended on muscular strength, and the dexterity of personal prowess : it has since become a science, and the ancient target, with all its subtlety of evasion, would not ward off a modern bullet. This gave rise to the thundering philippick of Don Quixote against gunpowder, because it threatened the overthrow of chivalry. Let the strength of a hero be what it might, provided it did not excel one of the earth-born giants of antiquity, it is altogether incredible, that he could atchieve such wonders, as he frequently did, if he relied on the competency of his own nerves to accomplish them. Amidst such a storm of darts, hissing around his ears, a mind, not at all disposed to scepticism, would pause to inquire, how is it possible, that every one should fail of its own accord in accomplishing the object of its errand ? Poets, aware of this difficulty, have summoned the superstition of the age, in which they lived, to their assistance, and have given their heroes sometimes a visible, and sometimes an invisible guard of Deities to defend them. The formidable objection of impossibility now vanishes at once ; the darts are turned aside, or if they wound, the favoured hero goes through the ceremony of bleeding a little, and returns fresh for the combat. Achilles himself, who loved fighting better than musick, has the honesty to confess, that

‘ ’Tis not in him, tho’ favour’d of the sky,
To mow down troops, and make whole
armies fly.’

This is more important to the principle now advocated, as the hero was encompassed with immortal armour, impenetrable to mortal darts, and did not feel secure, even though he was 'favoured of the sky.' I hope, in this day, it will not be deemed necessary to vindicate the character of Achilles from that vulgar slander, *that his body was by his mother dipped in the river Styx, and rendered as impenetrable as his armour.* Achilles is wounded in the hand in the river Scamander, which is of itself a full refutation of that calumny. Recurring to the question, respecting the unnecessary interposition of the ancient Deities for the preservation of their heroes in the hour of danger, it is amusing to observe the dexterity of the poets. The doubt naturally suggests itself, that every man must *die*; and if he has a Deity to protect himself from death in *one case*, why not in *another*? According to this argument the hero would be immortal. Poets, especially those who can command supernatural assistance, are difficult men to entrap, and to obviate this objection they have created a power, whom they have denominated *Fate*, against which it is out of the power even of the *immortals* to defend their heroes. So that until the very crisis of their destiny arrives, they, by celestial assistance, perform prodigies of valour; but when the time comes, in which only such assistance could be wanted, it is denied, and they are left to be the victims of

Fate. The bards, availing themselves of this poetick licence, crowd the narrow span of their heroes' lives with as many dangers, as fancy can depict, and after all, surrender them to mortality at last, by the *conclusive declaration*, "*sic fata jubeant.*"

The Pagans allowed to their Deities an unlimited agency in human affairs; they partook of the vices and virtues of the world, over which they presided, and even the father of Olympus was not exempt from them. Mortals, after their deaths, (Hercules for instance) were created Divinities, and some during their lives (Alexander for instance) were thus made Gods by anticipation. The objection above mentioned seems more particularly pointed against the gross notions of theology, than against the subordinate employment of the Deities. What wonder then that the Gods should assume an interest in human life, when, even before they had quitted it, they were allowed the exercise of their functions? By their heroism they had obtained, for the most part, their celestial pre-eminence: superstition had invested them above with the same propensities they harboured below; and, allowing this to be the case, it would be a violation of nature to represent them, as not *peculiarly interested* in the protection of those, who were their rivals on earth, and would soon be their equals in heaven.

R.

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For the Anthology.

GENTLEMEN,

To such as respect the warm, vivid genius, and lament the hard, cruel fortune of Burns, no apology need be necessary for printing, as it was never published in America, the following letter of the Ayrshire Bard, written to Francis Grose, while collecting materials for "the Antiquities of Scotland." I send it to you for publication, not because it displays in full and free exercise either of his discriminative powers of mind, for it neither melts to tenderness, nor charms to rapture;—it neither glows with the breathing thoughts of pathos, nor beams with the burning words of fancy. It is however a letter of information, written, as such a letter ought to be written, in a clear, concise style; without eloquence to dazzle, without verbiage to weary.

If required to compare their characters, as Burns and Cowper appear in their respective letters, I should say, that Cowper always engages those feelings, which interest the reader in the fortune of the writer; but of Burns what should I say? I could only heighten the encomium, and say, that what Cowper with great labour does very well, Burns does incomparably better with no exertion. In Burns there is more of rustick honesty, more of frank, native politeness; in Cowper there is more of courtly sincerity, more of sly, acquired civility. Cowper plays upon the ear, he amuses, and instructs; Burns interests and delights, he steals into the heart. Burns always discovers "naked feeling"; Cowper, I am afraid, sometimes betrays "aching pride." Cowper is coldly liked—his foibles are pitied; Burns is warmly loved, his vices are pardoned. We read Cowper, as a husband treats his wife, with affection mellowing to esteem; we read Burns, as a lover courts his mistress, with esteem ripening to affection.

LETTER OF ROBERT BURNS TO FRANCIS GROSE, F.A.S. CONCERNING
WITCH-STORIES.

AMONG the many Witch Stories I have heard relating to Aloyway Kirk, I distinctly remember only two or three.

Upon a stormy night, amid whirling squalls of wind and bitter blasts of hail, in short, on such a night as the devil would choose to take the air in, a farmer or farmer's servant was plodding and plashing homeward with his plough-irons on his shoulder, having been getting some repairs on them at a neighbouring smithy. His way lay by the Kirk of Aloyway, and being rather on the anxious look-out in approaching a place so well known to be a fa-

vourite haunt of the devil and the devil's friends and emissaries, he was struck aghast by discovering through the horrors of the storm and stormy night, a light, which on his nearer approach, plainly shewed itself to proceed from the haunted edifice. Whether he had been fortified from above on his devout supplication, as is customary with people when they suspect the immediate presence of Satan; or whether, according to another custom, he had got courageously drunk at the smithy, I will not pretend to determine; but so it was that he ventured to go up to, nay into the very kirk. As good

luck would have it, his temerity came off unpunished. The members of the infernal junto were all out on some midnight business or other, and he saw nothing but a kind of kettle or caldron, depending from the roof, over the fire, simmering some heads of unchristened children, limbs of executed malefactors, &c. for the business of the night. It was 'in for a penny, in for a pound,' with the honest ploughman: so without ceremony he unhooked the caldron from off the fire, and pouring out the damnable ingredients, inverted it on his head, and carried it fairly home, where it remained long in the family a living evidence of the truth of the story.

Another story, which I can prove to be equally authentick, was as follows.

On a market day in the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carrick, and consequently whose way lay by the very gate of Alloway kirk-yard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards further on than the said gate, had been detained by his business, till, by the time he reached Alloway, it was the wizard hour, between night and morning. Though he was terrified with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet, as it is a well known fact, that to turn back on these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief, he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the kirk-yard, he was surprised and entertained, through the ribs and arches of an old gothick window, which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches merrily footing it round their old sooty blackguard master, who was keeping them all alive with the powers of his bag-pipe. The farmer,

stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descry the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighbourhood. How the gentleman was dressed, tradition does not say; but the ladies were all in their smocks: and one of them happening unluckily to have a smock, which was considerably too short to answer all the purpose of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled that he involuntarily burst out, with a loud laugh, "Weel luppen* Maggy, wi' the short sark!" and recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally known fact, that no diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream.— Lucky it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for notwithstanding the speed of his horse, which was a good one, against he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the pursuing, vengeful hags, were so close at his heels, that one of them actually sprung to seize him; but it was too late, nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal grip, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning; but the farmer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly, tail-less condition of the vigorous steed was, to the last hour of the noble creature's life, an awful warning to the Carrick farmers, not to stay too late in Ayr markets.

The last relation I shall give, though equally true, is not so well identified as the two former, with regard to the scene: but as the

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* Luppen, the Scots participle passive of the verb to leap.

best authorities give it for Aloway, I shall relate it.

On a summer's evening, about the time that nature puts on her sables to mourn the expiry of the cheerful day, a shepherd boy, belonging to a farmer in the immediate neighbourhood of Aloway Kirk, had just folded his charge, and was returning home. As he passed the kirk, in the adjoining field, he fell in with a crew of men and women, who were busy in pulling stems of the plant ragwort. He observed, that as each person pulled a ragwort, he or she got astride of it and called out, "Up horsie!" on which the ragwort flew off, like Pegasus, through the air with its rider. The foolish boy likewise pulled his ragwort, and cried with the rest "Up horsie!" and, strange to tell, away he flew with the company. The first stage at which the cavalcade stopt, was

a merchant's wine cellar in Bourdeaux, where, without saying by your leave, they quaffed away at the best the cellar could afford, until the morning, foe to the imps and works of darkness, threatened to throw light on the matter, and frightened them from their carousals.

The poor shepherd lad, being equally a stranger to the scene and the liquor, heedlessly got himself drunk; and when the rest took horse, he fell asleep, and was found so next day by some of the people belonging to the merchant. Somebody that understood Scotch, asking him what he was, he said he was such-a-one's herd in Aloway; and by some means or other getting home again, he lived long to tell the world the wondrous tale.

I am, &c. &c.

ROB. BURNS.

AMUSEMENT.

For the Anthology.

NO. II.

WE continue our observations on the elegant performance, of which we commenced the review in the last number of the Anthology; and it may not be improper to give some account of the system, under which we intend to arrange our remarks.

This poem certainly deserves all the critick can bestow; and, although our limits will not permit us to insert the various notes, &c. supplementary to this review, yet, as soon as we can obtain a sufficient quantity of Hebrew types for the remarks of Abraham Sheva, the Jewish annotator, we intend to present a complete edition of all

the pragmatistical observations, notes and various readings, in twenty-seven neat folios. But, in the present course of remarks, although they are intended as nothing more than the precursor of our contemplated edition, we shall treat the subject, as logically as possible: we have therefore considered it most convenient with our design, first, to go through this performance by a course of analytical observations, and, when we have obtained a complete view of the several parts, whereof the subject is composed, to reduce these several members, by the synthetick method, to their orig-

inal combination. To determine to what order of poetry this performance belongs, to examine it by the rules of the scholiasts, and to compare it with other productions of the same order, will afford abundant matter for a separate essay.

Having made this necessary digression, we proceed to the review.

The cat's in the fiddle !

Various have been the opinions of the learned, respecting this particular part of our performance. The learned critick, whose name is mentioned at length in the preceding number, very handsomely refutes several conjectures, offered to invalidate our poet's antiquity. It has been questioned by an Italian commentator, whether, or no, fiddles were known to the ancients : the learned critick replies ; " Stulte, nescis quod ab Anglicanis *Fiddle* vocatum est, apud Latinos esse *Fidiculam* ? Si ignaro tamen, quam distant verba in eorum sonis ? Nec unquam audivisti, τὸ λυγρον idem significasse olim inter Græcos ? Cur non rogas, si feles olim vixerunt apud antiquos ?—But the most ingenious objection, against the antiquity in question, was made by a German, who wrote comments on this poem in 1201 ; which comments were discovered and published, together with the poem itself, by Gutteellberg, at Mentz, soon after the invention of printing, in 1478. This German, whose name was of very great length, and whose reputation among his countrymen was of course very considerable, affirmed, that he had made several experiments, and had satisfied himself, that it was utterly impossible for a kitten, of three days old, to enter at any aperture about a fiddle, without tearing off a considerable

quantity of its fur, and even rubbing its flesh ; and, as these exigencies had not been provided for by the poet, or, in other words, as they had not been mentioned by him, he concluded the poem, in toto, a forgery. But, however ingenious, these remarks are answered without any difficulty whatever. The German has used in his observations the word, *kshriwtosk*, which implies a fiddle of an inferior size ; and all his ingenious sophistication is thereby rendered nugatory, for he cannot say, but the fiddle, spoken of by the poet, was as capacious, as our largest bass-viol, which, from their sound, one would suppose might contain four of the largest rancats in the country, or their guts at least. But as the German cannot speak directly, as to the size of the fiddle in question, whether it was a violino concertini, ripieno, violoncello, or violone, so neither can we. We therefore relinquish this doubtful ground, and assume a new point ; *to wit*, if we are to believe, according to the opinion, advanced in the first number, that the poem was written in commemoration of certain miraculous events, it is impossible to admit any human reasoning in disqualification of the facts, related by the poet ; and, for the sake of perspicuity, we shall form our argument into a direct syllogism, thus ;

Human reason is limited to an investigation of the nature of things ;

Miracles are not in the nature of things :

Ergo,—Human reason cannot extend to the investigation of miracles.

We have been brief in refuting the above remarks and conjectures, because we have considered this subject very copiously in vol. 20. not. 18. pag. 634. of our projected edition.

The beautiful abruptness, displayed in the introduction to the subject, immediately after the portion of the poem, reviewed in the foregoing number, is, perhaps, without its parallel. Here no time is wasted in ridiculous invocations of mere creatures of the mind; neither does the poet consume three or four hundred lines in describing the contortions of the cat, at the time of her entrance into the fiddle. He barely states the fact, without any complication of imagery, which, he prudently foresaw, would unavoidably divert our attention from the main design. There is a poem, which has been deservedly celebrated, but which is certainly very far inferior to that under review, although many of the learned have held it in equal estimation. I refer to the poem, beginning thus;

Ding-dong, bell!
The cat's in the well!

This does not charm us by its abruptness, like

The cat's in the fiddle!

although it possesses, in an eminent degree, all the beauty of elegiac composition. But the first line prepares us for something extremely solemn, since bells ding-dong only on the most serious occasions. Dishclouteroff was therefore incorrect in supposing, that bells could be ding-dong'd for fires and town-meetings, since ding-dong implies a slower motion of the "*campanæ malleus*," than is used on such occasions. We are informed of the singular and wonderful fact, that the cat is in the fiddle, without any thing like premonition; we are not informed how she came there, nor how she will be extricated: our admiration is therefore raised to the highest

pitch, and we have to contemplate, not only the mode of her entrance into the fiddle, but how she will come out of it. On the contrary, in the poem, which some have pretended to compare with our unparalleled performance, we have nothing to cause our admiration; for it is easy enough to suppose a cat may be in a well, although very wonderful how she could be in a fiddle: and we could not wonder long, in the first instance, allowing our admiration had been raised; for the author continues thus;

Who put her in?
Little John Green.
Who pull'd her out?
Great John Snout.

So, we know the whole at once, and our admiration can exist no longer. In fact, these poems are not of the same class, and it is therefore ridiculous for any one to institute a comparison between them; it is absolutely "*Gryphes cum equis*."

It is truly surprising, that, excepting the present, we have no great poem of antiquity, that is not burdened with an invocation of the Muse; and it is very wonderful, that the ancient poets could relate nothing of any consequence, without the assistance of the Gods and Goddesses. Our author very reasonably concludes, that he can give us the necessary information, that the cat's in the fiddle, without invoking any supernatural agent to assist him in the narration. Had the poem now before us commenced with an invocation of the Muses; had the poet introduced a long and formal proposition of his subject; or had he attempted to describe the various attitudes, gestures, etc. of the cat, at the time of her entrance into the fiddle, the charm, by which we are now held in admiration, could have ex-

isted no longer, and the sublimity of this exordium would have been nothing, but a long concatenation of unmeaning expletives. We shall speak largely of the sublimity of this performance, when we come to examine it by the rules of the scholiasts. But our modern poets are just as bad, on the score of amplification and invocation, as the ancients. They cannot describe a battle, but the whole heavens must be in an uproar; nor can they relate the skirmish of a couple of insignificant scouts, without being at fifty times the trouble in describing, than the scouts were in fighting. In a word, they cannot speak of a palisado, counter-scarp, or ravelin, which my uncle Toby would have described in twenty minutes, and even corporal Trim in twice that time, without carrying us all through the covered-way, back again over the glacis, through the trenches, nor even without leaving us, after all, confoundedly mauled with the chevaux-de-frize: and, in doing all this, they must have the assistance of three of the Muses at least, with Bellona into the bargain.

If it will not lessen the dignity of our poem to compare any portion of it with a modern performance, let us, for a moment, compare the exordium with that of Addison's *Battle of Blenheim*:

But O, my Muse! what numbers wilt
thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle
join'd?
Methinks, I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts, and dying groans
confound.

What man, so mad, so ignorant of the rules of Longinus, Aristotle, and all the schoolmen, as not to admire the superiour beauty of the following;

The cat's in the fiddle!

And if we will judge Addison by a modern criticism, let us refer to Dr. Blair; he observes, exemplifying his remark by the above lines, "This, and all introductions of the same kind, are a forced attempt in a writer to spur up himself and his reader, when he finds his imagination begins to flag." But, in this elegant performance, there is nowhere such a species of weakness. Let us suppose our author had begun like Addison; and we shall soon see, how far below it's present merit the poem will appear, when tortured with useless amplification:

But, O my Muse! what numbers can
be found
To sing the cat, within the fiddle bound.
To paint her form, what colours shall
avail?
Her lengthen'd talons, and extended
tail?
Methinks, I hear the sounds tumultuous rise,
And cat and cat-gut fill the distant skies.

Our poet knew how far superiour the elegance and concinnity of his exordium would appear, when contrasted with loads of epithet and heterogeneous matter. He therefore rejected all superfluous ornament, which must necessarily have presented itself to his mind on this occasion, and confined himself to the bare relation of facts. Had he been inclined, he might have extended his performance to a greater length than any of his followers, Homer and Virgil not excepted. To say nothing of Homer's shield, our poet might have consumed an hundred lines very prettily in describing the fiddle, as did Virgil in describing the shield of Æneas. He might very well have delineated on the bottom, top, and sides of the fiddle, the four provinces of

Greece,...Macedonia, Epirus, Achaia, and Peloponnesus ; and, if the fiddle was of a superiour size, he might also have drawn out the cat's genealogy, after the manner of Virgil, and reserved the bridge for the Trojan states and dependencies. How happily might he have described the claws of the cat, like the gauntlets of Entellus !

** Obstupuere animi, tantorum ingentia
septem
Terga boum, plumbo insuto, ferroque
rigebant.*

All wonder'd when her claws she first
expos'd,
So firm, they seem'd of seven bulls'-
horns compos'd.

In fine ; we know of no poem, the exordium of which is so truly beautiful in any language.—Homer does not venture a single step in the Iliad, as well as in the Odyssey, without craving the assistance of the Muse. Virgil, more daring than Homer in this particular, has ventured to the distance of seven lines, and even proposed his subject, previously to his invocation. Silius Italicus has discovered himself as much the ape of Virgil in this particular, as in many others. Lucan has marked out for himself a road entirely new ; he first proposes his subject, next begins the narration, and then invokes the Muse. But what shall we say of Apollonius Rhodius ? His poem, on the expedition of the Argonauts,

begins with an invocation of no one ; but the poet very familiarly tells Phæbus, by whom, he says, he is already inspired, that he intends to resound the deeds of some famous heroes ; and, as the first part of this intelligence is probably somewhat new to Phæbus, the god must have a strange opinion of the poet, not very different from the idea we sometimes have of our visiting cousins from the country. But this is not all ; after a few lines he invokes the Nine with all possible politeness, begging their assistance in the most obliging terms. Now, whether he intended to insult Phæbus by this impudent treatment, or, whether it proceeded from pure affection for the sex, it is not to our purpose to determine. It is however certain, that Phæbus resented it by withholding from him the assistance of the Muses almost altogether, for which we have the testimonies of Longinus, Quintilian, Scaliger, and Rapin.

But it is unnecessary to adduce any more examples from the ancients in proof of our poet's superiority, on account of his elegant and comprehensive brevity, in the exordium of his performance. And as we have more than once stated our determination to be as brief as possible, we think proper to close the present number. S.

For the Anthology.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER IN EUROPE TO HIS FRIENDS IN THIS COUNTRY.

LETTER FOURTH.

Rome, Dec. 9, 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AMONGST the innumerable objects of curiosity and beauty,

with which this city abounds, it becomes extremely embarrassing to select those, which would be most interesting to one's friends.

In my very imperfect sketches to my friends I have taken up such detached subjects, as accidentally presented themselves. In my last letter to *you* I enumerated many of the extraordinary instances of that blind credulity and superstition, for which this country has been distinguished during the latter ages, and from the tyranny of which it has not yet been liberated. I could multiply these proofs without limit, but I fear that I have been already too diffuse on this point. I cannot however restrain myself from mentioning two paintings, which made a strong impression upon me to the no small disorder of my risible muscles. The one is a figure of Saint Charles Borromeo, (for whose merits and character you may consult my letters from Milan) who is represented upon his knees before the Virgin Mary, very piously and liberally presenting to her his *own heart*, which he holds in his *hand*. The other is a representation of Saint Dennis, and his extraordinary *dying* miracle. This saint, who is the protector of France, is described as standing with his *head* in his *hand*, in a most firm and dignified posture. The painter has taken no poetick license in this representation. He has conformed himself strictly to *Catholick* history, which states, that St. Dennis, having suffered martyrdom by decapitation, instantly arose, heroically seized his dissevered head, and walked upwards of a mile in that situation, to the utter confusion (*no doubt*) of his murderers.

But enough of these absurdities, it is more interesting to a man of reflection to learn the effects of such a system on manners and national character. To you it would be needless to remark, that the character of the Italians, and more es-

pecially of the *Romans*, is now in its Nadir. This opinion is too universally admitted to require proof; but general opinions are less interesting, than the facts and details upon which they are founded, especially when these can be obtained from persons, of whose veracity we can form a correct estimate. The country around Rome on every side is in the most deserted, forlorn, and miserable situation, of which the imagination can form any conception. Except where some rich nephew of a pope has erected a princely villa, the country perfectly responds to the description of the ruins of Palmyra or of Babylon, where, as travellers relate, you are compelled to take a guide and wander along the banks of the Euphrates, amidst tygers and other beasts of prey, to discover the spot, where the richest city in the world once reared its proud and lofty turrets.

You will naturally inquire, is the soil miserable? Far from it. Independent of the well known fact, that it was once the most populous and best cultivated country in the world, I assure you, that the soil appears to me to be at present very strong, and capable of producing most abundantly. Naturalists say, and I think the colour and nature of the soil fully support the opinion, that the soil in this part of Italy is the product of ancient volcanoes, or at least that, upon analysis, it is found to be the same with that in the vicinity of Naples, which is known to have been produced by volcanick eruptions. These soils, we know, are remarkable for their fertility, and the gardens and pleasure grounds of the ecclesiasticks and nobility around Rome are incontestible proofs of the excellence of this soil even at the present day. The

climate also is the most favourable for successful culture. It lies in the happy medium between the cold northern and scorching tropical climates.

But this country is said to be unhealthy. This is but too true. No country is more ravaged by autumnal diseases, than the environs of Rome, and even the city itself is not exempt from this calamity. In the vicinity Famine and Misery, Disease and Death surround you ; and in the city the pallid countenances of the inhabitants pronounce most eloquently the fatal insalubrity of the air. An official statement, which I have just seen, will give you some idea of this extraordinary city. There are about eighty parish churches ; five thousand ecclesiasticks or religious devotees, of both sexes, in celibacy ; twenty thousand more males than females ; and, for a century past, one thousand more *deaths*, than *births*. Still this city was constantly on the increase, till the French revolutionized it and annihilated the ecclesiastical authority, when, losing its only support, it suddenly decreased twenty thousand.

The result of the foregoing statement appears to be, that Rome is a vast gulf, which annually brings within its vortex the population of its neighbours, who there fall victims to its climate. But to what causes are we to attribute this ill state of the atmosphere ?—It is well known, that the city itself was healthy in the time of the ancient Romans, and the air of the Campania was more salubrious, than that of the city. Horace, Virgil, Pliny, Cicero, all praise the country air. They retired thither in summer to enjoy the cool shades and refreshing breezes. In autumn it would be, at this day, cer-

tain death. A Danish writer, who passed through this country last year, has just published an ingenious treatise on that part of Latium, which is the scene of the six last books of the *Æneid*. This writer attributes the mortality to the miserable state of the poor inhabitants of this part of Italy, who, after working in their enervating climate, are obliged to lie down, exposed to the chilling night air, without proper covering ; and also to the destruction of the woods, which formerly covered a very considerable portion of the country. You know, it is the modern fashion to attribute great virtue to woods, particularly evergreens. They are said to imbibe the noxious particles of the atmosphere, and to emit oxygen, or the salubrious part. I should add, (as still *more important*) to the causes above cited, the superiour industry of the ancient Romans, who drained the meadows and morasses, with which the Campania abounds, but which are now suffered to exhale putrid miasmata to the destruction of every living animal.

But, it may be asked, why are the modern citizens of Rome so indolent ? why have they not inherited the spirit and enterprize of their predecessors ? The impediments are ecclesiastical and political. *Ecclesiastical*, because the numerous festivals, saints' days, perpetual masses, and pompous ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church distract the attention, consume the time of the devotees, and prevent that steady and serious attention to their temporal affairs, which the gospel not only permits but enjoins. *Ecclesiastical*, because the example of two thousand monks, who make mendicancy a profession, who perform no manual labour, exercise no useful calling,

but who subsist and build magnificent churches and monasteries by alms, procured in forma pauperis, produces a very ill effect upon the common people, who do not deem it dishonourable to subsist on charity, when some of the orders, whom they venerate, obtain their support by such means. *Political*, because the lands in Italy are seldom or never owned by the cultivators, but are held in mortmain by the convents and other ecclesiastical establishments. They are therefore never sold, and seldom leased upon long leases or on favourable terms. The tenants in the Ecclesiastical State, where there are tenants, (for in many parts there are *none*) unable to acquire a title to the property they cultivate, and by their superstition rendered as dependent on the clergy, as the serfs in Poland on their lords, are idle, indifferent about their residence, and perpetually removing from place to place. The lands by these means are constantly impoverished, and are reduced to the miserable state, in which we now find them.

In addition to these obvious causes, the Papal government, weak and inefficient from its very constitution, always administered by old, and generally feeble superannuated men, aided by constitutional advisers of the same character, has never adopted and probably never will adopt vigorous steps to remedy these radical evils, and to give activity to commerce, without which agriculture must languish.

Having made these remarks on the indolence and wretched cultivation of the inhabitants of the Ecclesiastical State, let me briefly state a few facts, which elucidate and confirm these opinions. The Campania, instead of supplying Rome with provisions, as it for-

merly did, and as it is now abundantly capable of doing, actually subsists by bread, drawn from the capital; and it is unquestionable, that the few wretched villagers would perish, if this aid was withdrawn. With this assistance it is nevertheless true, that the inhabitants of the Campania often suffer, and frequently perish of hunger. It is also certain, that Rome itself is crowded with beggars, whose misery need not be represented by complaints, their countenances speak too powerful a language. Paris, London, Amsterdam, and Bordeaux united, cannot exhibit so many objects of real distress, as meet you in every direction at Rome. It is the most distressing picture I ever beheld. You are pursued at every corner by these wretched beings, and if you relieve the necessities of one, you are instantly thronged with twenty others, who will receive no refusal. *Importunity* would give you but a faint idea of their eagerness and entreaties, it amounts to *compulsion*. While the heart is thus constantly agitated by the picture of the most complete human misery, it is at the same moment roused to indignation by seeing dapper priests in stockings of bright purple, with hats ornamented with the same rich colour, tripping it lightly along from the shop of the friseur, unassailed by these poor wretches, who have solicited them too often in vain, or who find by experience that the language of nature pleads more powerfully with strangers, not hardened by familiarity with such scenes of horror. The rich and luxurious cardinal too, wrapped in his double folds of the richest purple, with princely magnificence, and followed by a long train of liveried domesticks, rolls along, unheeding

these objects of horror. You find the poor, at this inclement season, almost without clothes, and you are told, that death often frees them from this complicated distress, produced by famine and nakedness. You may judge what a man of any sensibility, accustomed to seeing the comfort and ease, enjoyed by the lower classes of the people in our country, must feel at such scenes. How can we restrain our indignation at the blindness or indifference of a government, which, neglecting the wise measures of political economy, upon which the prosperity of states depends, suffers the richest and finest portion of the globe not only to remain almost a desert, but to be the scene of the most complicated misery?

What! and are the men, who thus govern this fertile country, and who are thus arrayed in scarlet and fine linen, those who boast that they are the *only* legitimate representatives of the lowly Jesus, who endured persecution and poverty with meekness and humility, and who commanded his disciples especially to regard the *poor*? Yes: And these very magistrates, conscious of this duty, have placed upon all their coins some good maxim, commemorative of the poor; and yet in no part of the world do the poor receive so few of these *charitable coins*. Is it that they think it necessary to fulfil the words of our Saviour, "the poor you have always with you"? But they appear to forget his denunciation against the hard-hearted, "I was naked, and ye clothed me not," &c. &c.

I ought in justice to say, that the Roman clergy reply to these objections, that in no city are there so many hospitals and publick provisions for the poor. But ex-

perience teaches us, that there are other institutions, much more useful than hospitals and alms-houses, those which *prevent poverty*, rather than those which *alleviate* it after it is produced by a *bad* system of policy.

The necessities and even the luxuries of life are not dear at Rome. This will not appear strange to you, who have been accustomed to reflect profoundly on these subjects. Labour is always cheap in wretched countries. Luxuries, for the same reason, are always cheap, the demand being small; and those, who labour for the *few*, are numerous. In flourishing countries, like Great Britain, luxuries are extremely dear. The common people in Italy subsist upon the *meanest* food, an apple, a pear, and a roasted chesnut, and, on gala days, a fried fish! Behold the sum of Italian luxury!! *Bread and meat* are too extravagant for the labouring poor.

It is said, that the old practice of using the stiletto for private revenge is still prevalent among the common classes of people. While I was at Milan, one man stabbed and murdered his brother-in-law, and upon inquiry, I was told, that seven cases of that nature had taken place in the course of that month. Whether this is exaggerated or not, I will not undertake to say; but it is certain, that the ancient, abominable privilege of sanctuary, or protection in the churches, palaces of cardinals, and of foreign ambassadors, still exists; so that a man must be very stupid indeed, who cannot find an asylum even for *murder*. That this practice is as contrary to every principle of sound policy, as to justice, I think no man can deny. Every thing, which tends to facilitate impunity for crimes, must be

injurious to a state. What then must be the condition of a country, when these facilities are so multiplied that every man may, if he chooses, escape capital punishment?

I shall give you some further sketches of the Italian character and customs in a future letter.

Adieu.

For the Anthology.

MULTIPLICITY OF OUR LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.

NO. II.

AN attempt was made in a former paper to expose the evils, arising from our numerous literary institutions; and to show the cause, which so greatly multiplied them. A more arduous task remains, to point out some plan, which may correct those evils, without depriving any of the benefits, now enjoyed.

With the present disposition of our country, when exertions are constantly making to increase the numbers of our colleges, it would be the extreme of folly to think of diminishing that number. But although we cannot stop the torrent, which is ready to overwhelm the whole country; yet we may direct its course, and cause it to fertilise those fields, that it threatened with desolation. Upon the same principle we shall seek, from reform, a power to convert the numerous institutions, which threaten to overwhelm the literary world, into useful establishments for the promotion of science, and the welfare of the community. By this specious word, *reform*, democracy has undermined the most venerable fabricks of antiquity, and has, in a moment, levelled with the dust the labour of ages. Modern philosophy, supported by it, makes every thing subservient to the pretended useful, and affects to despise whatever does not promote the common arts of life, although

it may tend to its embellishment, or even to the improvement of the human mind. It imposes upon a large portion of the community the belief, that the lowest mechanic is a more useful citizen, than the most polished scholar; and it would relieve youth from the drudgery of learning the dead languages, that their time may be more usefully employed in mathematical studies. While therefore we join in praise of reform, it must be our duty to make publick prejudices subservient to the publick good.

In conformity with these opinions, we would banish classical literature from our minor universities; but we would transfer the funds from its support to the more ample maintenance of the present instructors, or to the foundation of new professorships, that, by lopping off the decaying branches, the tree might afford sufficient nourishment to the remaining boughs. We would even with some allow, that students might be admitted, without any previous qualification, or for any specifick time, only barring them from any of the honours of the college; in order that every citizen, who was desirous of the acquisition, might obtain information upon any subject of science. Honours and degrees might be liberally distributed to

those, who had conformed to the rules of the institution, and who could stand the test of a rigid examination. We might thus form scientific artisans, a class of citizens at present unknown in our country ; for, although the inhabitants of New-England have been distinguished by their useful inventions in mechanicks, yet as the inventors have seldom had the advantages of education, they might, by the assistance of scientific knowledge, have been led to the most important discoveries. We have no regularly educated engineers in the country. Our mathematical instrument-makers are men without science, and a large portion of our young men, who study nautical astronomy, obtain their information abroad. Our surveyors would be less often obliged to guess at the width of a river, if they had studied trigonometry ; nor would our mill-wrights make so poor a use of the powers of nature, if they were familiar with mechanicks. Could a few intelligent farmers, dispersed thro' the country, be made acquainted with the nature and properties of different soils, with the principles of vegetation, and a knowledge of the rudiments of mineralogy, they might practically disseminate the improvements, already made in agriculture, and greatly add to our present knowledge by their own experience. To afford proper instruction to these classes of citizens would be to give tools to the industrious labourer ; to furnish him, who had beaten his iron from the crude ore, with the means of smelting it, and of applying the pure metal to the purposes of life. We should furnish a compass to direct the unskilled projector, wasting his efforts in the boundless ocean of experiment. With such institu-

tions the country would assume a new appearance ; the powers of nature would no longer be feebly directed, and the energies of man would be exerted on beneficial objects. The same power would support the noble oak or more useful corn, which produces the noisome weed or cumbrous hemlock.

Instead of founding new colleges and academies, publick and private liberality should be directed to institutions, already established ; nor would vanity be less gratified by giving a name to a professorship, than it now is to a college or academy. It is not only necessary to increase the funds of the present instructors, but to introduce many useful branches of science, which are now no where taught in our country. Veterinary colleges are found both in England and France ; but in this country no knowledge is to be acquired in that art, except what is picked up from jockies, the lowest of the community, or from our countrymen, who obtain their information from the position of the stars in the almanack. But it would lead us beyond our limits to point out the different objects, that should be taught at these institutions. Indeed should we exclude polite literature and the fine arts, almost every thing else, that can tend to the improvement of society, might be taught there with advantage.

These institutions, as they would tend to disseminate the useful arts, would probably be approved by the disciples of the modern fashionable philosophy ; and, notwithstanding that these men forget "ut omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci ;" notwithstanding they sacrifice the knowledge of our moral relations to the knowledge of squares and figures, the knowl-

edge of the human mind to the knowledge of mechanick arts and trades ; yet, as we not only allow the utility of their plans, but aid their advancement, they will not surely deny the claims of literature upon publick patronage. May we not therefore hope for the union of all parties in perfecting a single institution for polite literature and the higher branches of science ? To effect this grand object a radical reform would be necessary. The officers must be made independent of pecuniary concerns ; and the highest inducements must be held forth to men of talents to become instructors. The scholars must be made gentlemen, and treated as such, that they may consider those placed over them as friends, who have an interest in their welfare, and not treat them with the indignity and contempt, due only to petty suspicious tyrants. An increased fixed salary, or an additional stipend from those, who receive the benefit of instruction, which last, as it would serve as a stimulus to exertion, might be preferable, might afford a liberal compensation to the present instructors ; but, for the foundation of new professorships, an appeal must be made to publick and private liberality. If a number of poor lads of talents, selected from the different academies, were to be educated gratis, it would obviate all objection to the increase of expense. To render the duty of instruction less irksome, the students should not be admitted, till they are of an age to lay aside puerilities, and to duly appreciate the advantages afforded them. Higher qualifications should be required for admittance, that their time might not be wasted, as it now is, in obtaining, what ought to have been learnt at school. A strict examination should be passed, pre-

vious to advancing to a higher class, or to the attainment of a degree, that the idle and dissolute might be deterred by the fear of shame from entering those sacred walls. With such regulations, and with a liberal spirit, that would select for instructors men of talents, of whatever college or country, we might hope for a vigorous and flourishing university. The impurities, once removed from the fountain head, the stream would afford pure and delicious nourishment.

Our academies with a little reform might prepare youth for either of these institutions ; and the county treasury, without being much impoverished, might afford an increase of pay to the instructors. A law would be required to regulate the pay of the masters of common town-schools, in order to prevent ignorant school committees from engaging, as instructors, fellows still more ignorant than themselves, because they will serve cheap. We may be allowed to express a wish for the polite arts, although we have no hope for them. So little encouragement is given to them at present, that few can be expected to devote their time and talents to the acquisition of what, when obtained, will neither yield profit nor procure honours. Those few, whose taste and inclination are able to overcome these discouragements, forsake our rude regions to enjoy the invigorating patronage of more polished climes. But if we cannot expect the establishment of schools of painting or of sculpture, we might at least imitate a sister State ; and, by collecting models of those exquisite performances, which have excited the wonder and admiration of ages, create a taste in the publick for the fine arts.

For the Anthology.

TO THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER, ON HIS SECOND LETTER, PUBLISHED
IN THE ANTHOLOGY, vol. 4, page 71.

Boston, April 7th, 1807.

SIR,

YOUR second letter from Rome was mentioned to me a few days ago. I perused it, and think it my duty to trouble you with some reflections upon it. I am a Roman Catholick, and in points of doctrine perfectly agree with my brethren in Italy and elsewhere; but neither they nor I hold such a doctrine concerning indulgences and persecution, as you attribute to us in your letter.

Indulgences, you say, are *permissions either general or more limited to commit offences, and are advertized for sale at Milan and in other cities*. As a proof, you quote two inscriptions you read in the churches; in the following words:

Indulgentia plenaria tutti i giorni della settimana.

i. e. Plenary indulgence every day in the week.

Indulgentiæ plenariæ et aliæ non plenariæ quotidiana.

i. e. Plenary indulgences, and others not plenary, every day.

In these two inscriptions there is not a word about the sale of indulgences. I look in vain for *venales*, or another word of the same import, added to *indulgentiæ*.

Where did you read, sir, from whom did you ever hear, that indulgences are permissions to commit offences? Not, I am sure, in any catholick writer, not from any member of our church. Had you asked even the ignorant beggars you met with at Loretto and in other places, whether indulgences authorized them to get drunk,

steal, &c. &c. they would have looked at you with astonishment, and perhaps then mistaken a *christian* for an *infidel*.

But what is an indulgence, you will ask, what do you mean by it? It is merely, sir, a dispensation from the whole or part of the penance, which is or ought to be prescribed according to the canons of the church to those, who have confessed their sins. The grant of an indulgence is of no avail, except to those who sincerely repent, are firmly resolved to reform, have made an humble confession of their guilt, are reconciled to their enemies, have restored ill-gotten property, &c. &c. This, sir, is our doctrine, as you will find it in our writers of every tongue and nation. Saint Paul put in penance a man guilty of incest, and granted him an indulgence the year following. Saint Ambrose, at Milan, subjected the emperour Theodosius to publick penance, and six weeks after, on Christmas day, granted him a *plenary indulgence* and admitted him to communion.

We ourselves publish indulgences in our church in Boston; and if indulgences are *permissions to commit offences*, let our church be pulled down, and every Roman catholick banished from this hospitable land. But, I dare say, sir, you do us the justice to believe, that instead of encouraging crimes, we do our best to prevent them, and with the blessing of God, not unsuccessfully. If I am not misinformed, the American Traveller's respectable name is inscribed a-

mong the benefactors of our church in this town; I acknowledge it with pleasure and gratitude, and feel happy in assuring you, that you have not contributed to the establishment of a school of corruption and idolatry.

Prayers for the dead are mentioned by Tertullianus, Saint Chrysostom, St. Augustine, and other fathers of the church, as an apostolick ordinance. The Jews pray for the dead now, and did certainly when the second book of Maccabees was written, i. e. 140 years before Jesus Christ. There is no harm in praying during nine days, that departed souls may be admitted into eternal rest; but to expect they will infallibly be released from purgatory by such prayers is contrary to the doctrine of the church.

This, however, and other practices, which you tell us are no better than *gross idolatry*, I shall not attempt to vindicate. Not that I agree with you on these points, but because my only object is to prove that Roman Catholicks have nothing in their doctrine or religious practices contrary to the welfare of society, and do not deserve to be hated by their fellow citizens, as they would, in my opinion, richly deserve it, were they licensed to commit crimes, or animated with a spirit of cruelty and persecution. Permit me however to relate to you an anecdote which may possibly reconcile you a little to the honours shewn to religious monuments at Rome.

The celebrated French poet, the Abbé Delille, during his travels in Greece, wrote from Athens to a lady in Paris :*

“In the yard of a private house I perceived a marble fountain; I

went in, and discovered by the fine carved work, it was the remnant of an ancient magnificent tomb. I prostrated myself, kissed the marble over and over again, and in the enthusiasm of my adoration I happened to break unawares the pitcher of a boy, who had come to fetch water.—I must give you another instance of my superstitious love for antiquity. When, with a heart flushed with hope and joy, I entered Athens, the smallest broken pieces of ancient ruins were sacred things in my eyes. I filled the pockets of my coat and waistcoat with all the little bits of carved marble I could find.”

Yourself, sir, who are a literary gentleman, and an admirer of learned antiquity, must have felt some degree of the same enthusiasm, when walking on the classical ground where Virgil and Horace sung, Cicero harangued, and Livy wrote; when beholding the monuments of ancient Rome. Is it then in regard to religious monuments alone that every kind of enthusiasm is to be reprobated?

I must however inform you that we Catholicks are, like yourself, at perfect liberty either to reject or to admit the authenticity of the relicks and monuments, which you mention. Had you applied to any of the cardinals, or other ecclesiasticks in Rome, they would have told you so. From them also you might have learned what is an *indulgence*. You would have found in them the politeness of gentlemen, and the amiable charity of real christians. None of them would have believed or called you an *infidel*, although they would have seen you were prejudiced against the religion they profess and teach with sincerity. They would have assured you, and shewn you by their conduct, that perse-

* Œuvres de Jacques Delille. Tom.1.

cution is not one of our tenets, neither can it be proved to be so by the two facts you allege, nor indeed by any others.

John Huss, sir, if alive, would not be tolerated in this free and liberal country. The errors he broached were proved by their effects, as well as by arguments, to be utterly inconsistent with the peace of society and the very existence of civil government. He caused violent seditions, in which he himself took an active part. A dreadful fanatical revolution ensued, which for many years deluged with blood the plains of Bohemia. In the very beginning of it the mayor of Prague, magistrates, priests were murdered.

As for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's, I abhor as cordially as you do yourself the horrid deed of blood and perfidy.

*Excidat illa dies ævo, nec pectora crædant
Sæcula.*

But, I tell you with a late writer,* "Let the blame fall, where it is due, on the black vengeance of the unrelenting Charles IX. and on the remorseless ambition of the unprincipled Catherine of Medicis. They attempted to justify themselves by pretending, that the Huguenots were on the point of executing a plot to destroy them and to overthrow the government. This very calumny, which the king and queen invented to excuse their barbarity, is a sufficient proof they did not conceive it lawful to commit such crimes to serve their religion, for which indeed neither of them felt much zeal. As this savage villainy was contrived without the participation of the French clergy, so they were the most forward at the time to oppose its completion, and have ever

since been the most warm in reprobating it. It is particularly recorded of Hennuyer, bishop of Lizieux, that he opposed to the utmost of his power the execution of the king's order for the murder of the protestants in his diocese. He answered the governour of the province, who communicated the bloody order to him: *It is the duty of the good shepherd to lay down his life for his sheep. These are my sheep, though they have gone astray, and I am resolved to run all hazards in protecting them.* The praise of this worthy and humane prelate is to this day in all our churches. Persecution then is no part of our doctrine, and I know it has no place in the creed of our protestant brethren. Yet have not catholicks been persecuted by protestants?

Should you have any doubts on the subject, read, I beg of you, sir, the eloquent speech of the immortal Edmund Burke to the electors of Bristol in 1780. I can furnish you with authentick historical documents on this subject, and am not afraid to leave the decision to yourself. To your own candour I appeal now, sir, and wish to have you judge, whether, in the United States, Roman Catholicks can with any propriety or justice be reproached with being persecutors?

Your venerable forefathers, sir, fled, you well know, not from a *papist*, but from a *protestant* persecution. They landed here, and were at full liberty to shew, what was the spirit of their sect. Was it toleration? Many other virtues they possessed, no doubt; but to this they were utter strangers.

Lord Baltimore, himself a Roman catholick, as well as his companions, fled from the same persecution. See them establishing themselves in Maryland: they

* Letters to a Prebendary. London 1800.

will no doubt give strong specimens of *popish* bigotry and persecution. They opened an asylum, afforded protection, and granted the same civil privileges to christians of every denomination.

"Extraordinary scenes," says Doctor Morse in his geography, were, at this time, (an. 1656) exhibited on the colonial theatres. In Massachusetts, the Congregationalists, intolerant towards the Episcopalians and every other sect; the Episcopal church retaliating upon them in Virginia; and the Roman Catholics of Maryland tolerating and protecting all. Virginia passed severe laws against the Puritans, whose ministers were not suffered to preach. This occasioned numbers to emigrate to Maryland."

Here are my evidences. Judge of them yourself, sir, and give

your decision. I am willing to abide by it.

"I know, sir, that the children here have not inherited the persecuting spirit of their fathers. Our church in this town is a standing monument of their liberal and friendly dispositions; and the one who addresses you is proud of the friendship, and grateful for the polite attentions of several of them.

We Roman Catholics cherish a sincere affection for this country and its inhabitants; we abhor the idea of *being licensed* to commit crimes; and instead of hating our brethren on account of their religious opinions, we wish only to be able to do them every service in our power.

With respect I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient

humble servant,

A ROMAN CATHOLICK.

For the Anthology.

SILVA, No. 26.

Ενὶ δάρναι τινεῖ, ἐνὶ ῥαδιναὶ κυπάρισσοι,

Ενὶ μέλας κισσός, ἐντ' ἄμπελ' ἃ γλυκύκαρπ'. THEOC. Id. XI. v. 45.

GRASSHOPPERS.

THE term, *Gryllus*, comprehends all that countless tribe of little animals, that come under the names of locusts, grasshoppers, and crickets. But it is the *gryllus campestris*, or cricket, to whom we are indebted for so many beautiful poems, and, in particular, Anacreon's charming little ode, *Εἰς Τέτιγα*. This merry little creature, although not much respected in modern days, was formerly among the happiest of insects, and held in much higher estimation, than our canary birds at present: and it is certain, the ladies of Teos would not have exchanged their crickets with our modern ladies

for all their lap-dogs, squirrels, monkies, and paroquets.

That the cricket was in high esteem among the ancients for its musick, we have abundant testimony. Theocritus, in his first Idyl:

..... τέτιγ' ἐπεὶ νῦν γὰρ φρέζον ἄδεις.

Thy strains are sweeter than the cricket's song.

There is an epigram of Antipater's, in the Anthol. Gr., containing a still higher compliment to these little musicians;

Ἀρκυῖ τέτιγας μεθύσαι δρόσος, ἀλλὰ πινόντες
Ἀείδων κύκνων εἰσὶ γεγαυότεροι.

Inspir'd by dew, the crickets chirp
 their strain,
 And rival swans shall raise their
 notes in vain.

But the ancients were not content with this; they considered them inspired by the Muses, and, that these divinities had taught them the art of subsisting without eating and drinking. What a happy inspiration this would be for many, who pursue the same profession as the crickets! Such favourites were grasshoppers among the ancients; but, like all other favourites, they were envied and persecuted. Some epicure of old, not content with the tongues of nightingales, made an unwarrantable and gluttonous war on the legs of grasshoppers; and to the disgrace of human nature be it spoken, this *Gryllicide* was followed by a long train of gluttons, who pursued these miserable creatures to their very holes; and harassed them so, that the rhetorician, Ælian, at length, rose in their defence. "They are ignorant," said he, speaking of these persecutors, "how much they offend the Muses, the daughters of Jupiter." But Ælian was certainly the junior counsel in this case; and if the reader will look at the Anthol. Gr. lib. I. cap. 33., he will have the pleasure of perusing some elegant lines, relating to the scandalous practice, above mentioned, which lines were spoken by a grasshopper, in propria persona; and, it is evident, a grasshopper of very considerable parts. However, these pleadings worked nothing in favour of the plaintiffs, and grasshoppers' legs were in as much request as ever. They were therefore reduced to this alternative, either to resign their legs, without murmuring, or to conceal them day-long in their holes: they very

reasonably adopted the latter, and have persevered in this truly laudable determination, from the time of Ælian to the present moment.

ÆNIGMAS.

The subject of an ænigma should be as simple as possible, nor should the form be complicated by mean allusions, nor extended to an unreasonable length. The famous Ælia Lælia Crispis, which has appeared in a former number of the Anthology, is in direct violation of the first rules of the Ænigma. Above fifty learned men have puzzled their heads in solving this wonderful inscription, and probably, above fifty more will puzzle their heads in solving the solutions of the first fifty, and so on, ad infinitum. That fifty men, of any tolerable understanding, should give, individually a different solution of the same ænigma, is an absolute proof, either that the ænigma is complicated to such a degree, that it cannot be explained, and is of course absurd, or, that the parts, whereof the subject is composed, are so loosely connected, that it may mean almost any thing, and that it is of course ridiculous. Which of the two is the case, I leave to be determined by any fifty Germans, who may have leisure and patience for the investigation.

Among the Greeks, we have many instances of ænigmatical composition. Cleobulus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, is said to have written ænigmatical verses, to the amount of 3000. Cleobulina, daughter of the above, composed a great variety of intricate questions of this kind, of which, however, few are at present to be found. One of them will afford the best example of those, that now remain; it runs thus: "A

father had twelve children, and these twelve children had, each, 30 white sons, and 30 black daughters, who are immortal, though they die every day." Olympius Diotimus, Clearchus, Theodectes, Dromeas Cous, Aristonymus Psilocitharistas, and Cleon are numbered among the Greek writers of ænigmas. But, among the Latins, examples of this species of writing are extremely rare. Apuleius relates, *Apolog.* page 276, that he wrote a book "*Ludicorum et Gryphorum*;" but this book is unknown to us. There is extant a poem, by Ausonius, called, "*Gryphus Ternarii Numeri*," which may come under this head. The best example, however, among the Latins, is that collection of ænigmas, written by Calius Symposius. These have passed through a variety of editions, and have been translated into Greek, and modern Italian. It may not be improper to give one or two instances of these ænigmas. The first is on the Graphium or Stilus of the ancients :

De summo planus, sed non ego planus
in imo ;
Versor utrinque manu, diversa et munera fungor ;
Altera pars revocat, quidquid pars altera fecit.
A diff'rent form my two extremes
could show,
Tho' flat my head, not flat my form below ;
Turn'd by the hand, a diff'rent use they bore,
And that revok'd what this perform'd before.

The second is the Arundo :

Dulcis amica Dei, ripis vicina profundis,
Suave canenis Muis : nigro perfusa colore,
Nuntia sum linguæ, digitis stipata magistri.
Pan's darling friend, on rivers' banks I spring,
And ever sweetly to the Muses sing :
I too can speak when fill'd with sable dye,

And round me thick my master's fingers lie.

There were also many writers of ænigmas in the barbarous ages, and we are told, that Aldhelm, bishop of Sherborne, wrote a thousand verses of ænigmas : but Aldhelm had better have minded his bishoprick, for his compositions, in this way, are so far inferior to those of Symposius, whom he proposed as his model, that the learned and accurate Pithæus has judged them not worthy an edition.

BURTON vs. STERNE.

When we admire the pages of Shandy, we must, for the future, remember the pages of Burton. Few authors have been more unfortunate in their illustrators, than our friend, Yorick. Dr. Ferriar has exposed the numerous plagiarisms of the facetious Sterne, and restored to the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* all that the injustice of Yorick had stolen from him.

At the time of writing *Tristram Shandy*, the *Anatomy of Melancholy* was by no means generally known. Few repaired to it, except those who were prompted by felonious intentions, and among those none were more active than young *Tristram*. The force of habit is incalculable, and *Tristram* committed these larcenies to the day of his death.

THE HORSE.

Shakespeare's description of this noble animal is so full and perfect, that I cannot resist transcribing it. The Latin and Greek poets : have each celebrated the Horse, in strains familiar to every man of reading.

Round hoof'd, short jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head and nostril wide,

High crest, short ears, strait legs, and
passing strong ;
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock,
tender hide. V. & A.

CARDS.

Is it not surprising that men of sense should condescend to join in this silly custom, which was originally invented to supply its deficiency ? But such is the fatality ! Imperfections give rise to fashions, and are followed by those, who do not labour under the defects, which introduced them.— Nor is a hoop the only instance of a fashion, invented by those, who found their account in it ; and afterwards countenanced by others, to whose figure it was prejudicial. How can men, who value themselves upon their reflections, give encouragement to a practice, which puts an end to thinking ? Cards, if one may judge from their appearance, seem invented for the use of children ; and, among the toys of infancy, the bells, the whistle, and the rattle deserved their share of commendation.— By degrees those, who came nearest children in understanding and want of ideas, grew enamoured of the use of them, as a suitable entertainment ; others also, pleased to reflect on the innocent part of their lives, had recourse to this amusement, as what recalled it to their minds.

But where will you find a man, who proposes to himself dignity of character, who views an inducement to this kind of game ? It is difficult to determine, whether it appear more odious among sharpers, or more ridiculous among persons of character. Persons of ability are capable of furnishing a much more agreeable entertainment. Whenever I am offered cards therefore, I shall esteem it as the opinion of the *host*, that I have neither sense nor fancy. And yet this is a melancholy reflection, since there seldom is a “ party” in this *exquisitely refined* metropolis without cards.

* * * * *

Upon reflection, I think there is much utility in cards. I would not have them renounced by “ parties.” I can recollect many an evening, which would have gone off heavily indeed, without the assistance of kings, queens, and knaves, &c. After having been wearied two or three hours by stories of *puppies*, and *parrots*, and *turned-off servants*, *sicknesses*, *recoveries*, (on which, to make a *legal pun*, I would readily have imposed a *fine*.) I have gladly taken refuge at the card-table, and derived no small comparative satisfaction from the odd trick.

For the Anthology.

REMARKER, No. 20.

Virtus repulsæ nescia sordida
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

HORACE.

With stainless lustre virtue shines,
A base repulse nor knows nor fears,
Nor claims her honours nor declines
As the light air of crowds uncertain veers.

FRANCIS.

THERE are few words in our language more improperly used than principle, although none is more fixed in its definition. Those,

who act right, or rather those, who do not act wrong, are supposed to possess sound principles, and are therefore deemed good men. But, however heterodox it may seem, we must affirm, that a man is not to be judged by his actions alone. Many, without any temptation to vice, act well all their lives, and pass for virtuous citizens; while others, with stronger powers and purer hearts, though they may withstand allurements too powerful for the former, yet yield in some weak moment and receive a stigma to last forever on their character. In examining into the conduct of mankind it is astonishing to observe the almost total want of principle in the world. Education, habit, fashion, fear of shame, feeling, and motives of the like nature, prevent men from deviating far from what is considered the right path; but, let the same motives lead into the path of error, let interest and fashion tempt from the road of virtue, and her ways will be deserted; men will hesitate in their conduct; they will either want principle to tell them what is right, or firmness to act according to that knowledge.

Leontes was educated for the mercantile profession; in the usual manner from the nursery he passed first to school, then to an academy, and from thence proceeded to the counting-house, and, having gone through the regular routine in that service, was so fortunate as to procure the office of supercargo of a ship bound to France; a situation he had long desired, that, whilst obtaining commercial information, and making arrangements in business, he might at the same time gratify his curiosity by beholding the collected wonders of the ancient and modern world. Educated strictly, and in the con-

stant habit of attending public worship and of private devotion, he was greatly shocked at the neglect of the sabbath in France. He found the churches deserted, but the places of amusement thronged; and determined to quit this scene of irreligion, as soon as his business would allow. But, ere this period arrived, he had learnt to consider these amusements as innocent, and, thinking himself freed from the shackles of superstition, he heard with indifference religion and moral institutions scoffed at and derided. To be considered as a wit and philosopher he had only to learn the common arguments against religion, and to doubt of the immortality of the soul. The task was easy and the scholar apt. Instead of finding men honest, as his inexperience had led him to expect, he found himself defrauded by all with whom he had dealings; and, to put himself upon an equality with them, he conceived himself obliged to cheat them in return. Fashion easily persuaded him to listen to the syren song of female beauty and depravity, and plunged him into the depths of dissipation. Thus, before he had been six months in the country, he had wholly thrown aside the sober manners of New-England, and adopted in their stead all the fashionable vices of corrupted France. Yet was Leontes not wholly depraved. Obligated by his circumstances to revisit his native shores, he left his vices behind, because society would not tolerate them here. Engaged in business, his reputation now stands fair upon the exchange; and with a young wife, greatly attached to him, he has few temptations to wander from conjugal fidelity. Acquainted with the parson of his parish, he thinks

himself obliged to repay his visits at the church ; and the variety relieves the ennui of the dull sunday. Feeling makes him assist the indigent, that accident throws in his way ; and vanity makes him liberal. Altogether no man in the community bears a fairer character ; yet is Leontes the same. Without principle, his actions flow from the circumstances, in which he is placed. In India he might have been a Brahmin, in Arabia a robber, in Spain a monk, in France a modern philosopher, and here a man of business. Such men usually pass through life with reputation, frequently with having committed but few misdeeds, and with having performed some good actions ; but, as they are guided by no principle, they can never command our esteem or confidence. We may like them as acquaintance, but can never regard them as friends, or trust our life or fortune in their hands.

Whatever opinion is formed of the above character, it is necessary carefully to distinguish it from the man of bad principles, who has no tie but interest or want of power to prevent his overturning society, and reducing the world to its original barbarity. Temporary interest, the only check to his committing the worst of crimes, a thousand accidents may remove ; and what shall then prevent his reaching the lowest degree of depravity, and perpetrating crimes, which would make us shrink from the name of man, that we might disclaim kindred with the monster ?

The world confounds these characters, so perfectly distinct ; and to say, that a man has no principles is supposed synonymous to saying, that his principles are bad. But the difference is really great ; the former will never act wrong, ex-

cept when sanctioned by custom, or urged by an apparent necessity. The latter will never act right, except when he believes it for his interest. The one, though you can place but little confidence in him, yet has many restraints upon his conduct ; the other you are never sure is not plotting to injure you. Happily there are but few wholly depraved, few who have entirely silenced the voice of conscience, or who have no belief in future rewards and punishments ; but multitudes act all their lives, without reflecting upon the moral rectitude of any one action. The far greater part of mankind, though in some cases, in which they are little inclined to err, have a strong sense of right and wrong ; yet in others will suffer interest to blind their judgment. The necessity of principle is generally allowed ; yet are there few, who will not occasionally bend their principles to circumstances, or, by some sophistry, colour bad actions with a semblance of right ; or will intend to make atonement for their vices by the more rigid performance of other duties, as the knights of old satisfied their conscience by dedicating to the church a portion of the spoils, they had taken from the defenceless and the poor.

Society sanctions many things not correct ; and violations of truth are frequently considered justifiable. The outworks of principle are every where invaded with impunity, for she is thought secure, while the citadel is safe. But society suffers more from these indirect attacks, than from any open violation of principle. Some men, in other respects honest, will not scruple to sell a defective horse as sound, provided it can be done without a direct falsehood. Others will overreach in a bargain ; and

I have heard a countryman praise another man, because he cheated fairly. One conceals a sum of money he had found, and quiets his conscience, as he is ignorant of the owner, by liberality to the poor. Another justifies his libertinism by saying, that he only injures himself. But it is principle alone that can protect us against the allurements of vice and the storms of interest and passion.

Principle should be firm, like the rock, but not so frowning and forbidding in its aspect. It should, in things indifferent, yield to the opinion of the world, while it carefully guards against even the semblance of wrong; like the elm, it should yield the smaller branches to the gentlest breeze, while itself remains firm against every tempest.

Too great a love of principle, it is true, hardens the character, destroys the amiable feelings, and produces a harsh stiffness. Such was the case with Menander. Educated in the rigid rule of right, he was taught never to act from feeling; but to weigh the moral

rectitude of every action. At the age of fifteen he had completely banished feeling from his breast, and would view with indifference, or rather with abhorrence, those unfortunate wretches, whose miseries proceeded from their own vices. His morals were rigidly correct, he gave large sums to the indigent, and discouraged immorality and vice, both by precept and example; yet, as he spoke without feelings for the infirmities of man; as he gave, without sympathising with the sufferings, that he relieved; as he was stern to the poor, that subsisted on his bounty; and as he was a severe censor of every slight indiscretion; though all acknowledged his goodness, yet he never had a friend. His presence cast a gloom upon society, for every sportive thought and action was to be reduced to the rigid rule of right. At his death the wretches, whom he had relieved, regretted that bounty they no longer felt; but not a tear was shed on his grave for the loss of Menander.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Anthology.

NOX erat illunis, cæliq ex culmine fluxit
 Nix, Boreasq ferox turbine latè ruit.
 Fœmina quum, infelix, callisq ignara patentis,
 Infantem Amplectens tristia verba dedit.
 "Savus erat genitor, qui me charâ æde repulsit;"
 Sic venti, qui plent pectora mæsta gelu.
 Sævior is longè qui uxoris brachia liquit;
 "Hei mihi, pro dira pelice blanda fui"
 Tu puer infelix fove membra in pectore tris
 Nam satis est fluvii, grandinis atq feræ.
 Frigore væ! torpent concreto farpula membra;
 Oh! renovent lacrymæ quæ matris ora rigant.
 Infelix! infans obiit; genitorq recusat
 Et vir sat sævus deceruisse torum.
 Dein cecidit! plorans ex imo corde dolorem
 Fatalisq cito corpora languor habet
 Alq infausti juxta infantis membra ponebat.
 Alq cubans obiit, (sic sacra Musa canit.)

—+—

For the Anthology.

The following ode is inserted among the Poet. Lat. Min., and was written by Ausonius, the poet of Bourdeaux. Ausonius flourished in the fourth century, and his writings have long been deservedly admired. There have been several editions of his works, among which that of Tollius, 8vo. 1671, and that of Jaubert, with a French translation, 4 vols. 12mo. 1769, may be selected as the best.

AUSONII
CARMEN MATUTINUM,
AD
PARMENONEM SERVUM.

MANE jam clarum reserat fenestras ;
Jam strepit nidis vigilax hirundo ;
Tu, velut primam mediamque noctem,
 Parmeno, dormis.

Dormiunt glires hiemem perennem,
Sed cibo parcunt ; tibi caussa somni,
Multa quod potas, nimiaque tendis
 Mole saginam.

Inde nes flexas sonus intrat aures ;
Et locum mentis sopor altus urget :
Nec coruscantis oculos laccessunt
 Fulgura lucis.

Annuam quondam juveni quietem,
Noctis et lucis vicibus manentem,
Fabulæ fingunt, cui Luna somnos
 Continuarit.

Surge nugator, lacerande virgis.
Serge ! ne longus tibi somnus, unde
Non times, detur ; rape membra molli,
 Parmeno, lecto.

Fors et hæc somnum tibi cantilena
Sapphico suadet modulata versu.
Lesbiæ depelle modum quietis,
 Acer iambe.

.....
TRANSLATION.

.....
THE MORNING SONG
OF
AUSONIUS,
TO PARMENO, HIS SLAVE.

NOW the bright morning enters at the window ;
Now the gay swallow twitters on the house-top ;
Parmeno, still you snore upon your couch, as
 If it were midnight.

What, sir, though dormice sleep throughout the winter ?
 They are no gluttons ; you are ever tipsy,
 You, in the pantry cram yourself with meat-pies,
 Gellies, and custards.

Thus, at your ears no sound can ever enter ;
 Thus, you are sleeping, when you should be thinking ;
 Thus too, your eyes, so fasten'd up in slumber,
 Heed not the daylight.

Once, it is said, Diana took a notion
 Over a youth to pour a soporifick,
 And the poor boy, according to the fable,
 Slumber'd *per ævum*.

Get up, you sluggard, lest you sleep forever ;
 Up ! with your wool-sack, none of your complaining ;
 Up ! or I soon will ply a bunch of nettles
 Posteriori.

So then it seems my softly flowing sapphicks
 Serve but to sooth you, sirrah, while you slumber !
 Soon I'll disturb the quiet of your sleep, with
 Thund'ring Iambicks !

L. M. SARGENT.

SELECTED.

We here insert the celebrated ballad of GAFFER GRAY for those of our readers, who do not possess the valuable work, in which it first appeared.

GAFFER GRAY.

OH why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Gray,
 And what makes thy nose look so blue ?
 ' The weather is cold, and I'm grown very old,
 And my doublet is not very new,
 Well-a-day !'

Go, line your old doublet with ale, Gaffer Gray,
 And then, cheer thy heart with a glass.
 ' Nay, but credit I've none, and my money's all gone ;
 Then say, how may this come to pass ?'

Go, hie to yon house on the brow, Gaffer Gray,
 And knock at the jolly priest's door.
 ' The priest often preaches against worldly riches,
 But ne'er gives a mite to the poor.'

The lawyer lives under the hill, Gaffer Gray,
 Warmly fenc'd both in back and in front.
 ' He's fasten'd his locks, and has threaten'd the stocks,
 If he ever more see me in want.'

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale, Gaffer Gray,
 And the season will welcome you there.
 ' His beeves, and his beer, and his merry new year
 Are all for the the flush'd and the fair.'

My keg is but low, I confess, Gaffer Gray ;
 What then—while it lasts, we will live.
 'Tis the poor man alone, when he hears the poor moan,
 Of his morsel a morsel will give,
 Well-a-day !

THE BOSTON REVIEW

FOR

APRIL, 1807.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ, eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere vero assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

ARTICLE 10.

Plain discourses on the laws and properties of matter; containing the elements or principles of modern chemistry, with more particular details of those practical parts of the science, most interesting to mankind, and connected with domestick affairs. Addressed to all American promoters of useful knowledge. By Thomas Ewell, M. D. one of the surgeons of the United States navy.— 1 vol. 8vo. Brisban & Brannan. New-York. 1806.

[Continued from page 154.]

WE are now to consider the more immediate object of this work, the application of the principles of chemistry to domestick affairs, and to those arts, which are intimately connected with the ease and comfort of society. It is obvious, that the author aims, not only at giving a general view of the objects of this science, but at detailing with minuteness their various habitudes and relations, which have given birth to the immense body of chemical arts. We do not think it impossible to combine these two objects in one work, but we are confident that the plan is too extensive to be completed by the labours of one man. Fourcroy has, perhaps, advanced further in

the execution of this design, than any other writer on the science. If we view his work as a general system of chemistry, it is admirable; but, when examined as a body, or collection of the processes or operations of the chemical arts, we find it imperfect. If therefore this able chemist was unsuccessful in eleven volumes, what are we to expect from Dr. Ewell in one? In proportion as our knowledge of this science is extended, and our acquaintance with the properties and relations of bodies enlarged, the arts, which are dependent on its principles, become more numerous and their processes more refined. When the philosophers and the learned of Europe were first engaged in the investigation of certain effects, which resulted from the application of the laws of chemistry to the various substances, by which they were surrounded, they found it necessary to their future progress, that these unconnected facts should be collected into one body; they established data and drew conclusions, and thus, by the acquisition of principles, they were enabled to form a regular and dependent system. But modern chemists, while employed in giving a general view of their science, have neglected to

fill up its outlines and to finish those minute parts, which complete the system and give effect to the whole work. We have long been convinced, that, in future, chemists are to anticipate success in their pursuits only by a division of labour. By knowing what has already been done, it is easy to perceive what remains to be effected, and by concentrating their powers on individual objects, they will soon acquire an intimate knowledge of their properties and relations. The error of Dr. Ewell consists in bringing together in one view, and endeavouring to describe in the same work, two subjects of such immense extent. The title of his work led us to infer, that he had treated his subject in a desultory and unconnected manner. The term 'discourses' implies no necessary connection, no dependent series, and it was therefore in his power to have taken up any department of this science and treated of it in a way, which would have secured reputation to himself and information to his readers. Had the author confined his studies to a branch of chemistry, we are confident he would have been successful. In fact we anticipated with much satisfaction the perusal of his discourses on the arts, which are included in the subjects of mineralogy, and of the chemistry of animal and vegetable substances. These are of immense importance to society, and if minutely detailed would require volumes for their description; yet, except in one instance, we believe they have never been made the subjects of a particular treatise, nor even been collected into one work, where they have obtained more than ordinary notice. The author however by grasping at too much has failed in

all; and therefore, though he has introduced as much information on the subjects, of which he treats, as the extent of his work will allow, he has merely given us that kind of general knowledge, that outline of things, which is to be found in every systematick work on chemistry. In proof of our observation we have only to notice the descriptions of any of those arts, which we find scattered about the work. Let us take the formation of pottery ware and porcelain. The account of these manufactures is extracted almost verbatim from Accum's chemistry, a work professedly devoted to a general view of the science. His descriptions therefore, though sufficiently minute for a general scholar, must be unsatisfactory to the practical chemist. The author has neglected to name all the ingredients, or to mention their proportions. We hear nothing of the furnace nor of the technical terms, which are applied to the ware in the different stages or degrees of its formation. He has totally omitted the porcelain of Reaumur, and we look in vain for those necessary cautions on the application of the degrees of heat, on which depend not only the perfection of the ware, but the health of those, by whom it is used. It is well known, that the oxides of lead form a principal ingredient in the modern glazings, which are applied to the ware and to porcelain, when they have acquired that state, which artists designate by the term *biscuit*. Now if the heat be not properly regulated or the glazing properly applied, their particles become imperfectly vitrified, or simply agglutinated. 'This glaze,' says M. Poidevin, 'is capable of being divided and taken up by all liquids, with which

it may come in contact.' The *underbaking* is one of the most common and the most dangerous accidents, to which pottery ware is exposed. The oxides of lead are gradually taken into the body, where by slow, but progressive degrees, they gradually produce a long and generally incurable series of painful diseases. These facts are interesting and ought to be made publick, but it is incompatible with a system of chemistry to enter into the description of these minutæ, without being extended to a bulk, which few would wish to purchase or peruse. This opinion begins to prevail in Europe, and there are chemists, both in France and England, who have deviated from the common routine of system-making, and have concentrated their powers on those practical parts, on a knowledge of which depends, in a great degree, the ease and comfort of social life. In fact, the defect of this work arises from a neglect of noticing the proportions, and a want of minuteness in describing the processes of those arts, which result from the application of the principles of chemistry to individual objects.

Upon the whole, that portion of the work, which discourses on the chemistry of animal and vegetable substances, we think the best written, and perhaps the most valuable of the whole book. While speaking of these, the author takes the opportunity of again introducing his theory of affinities, which we considered, while reviewing the subject of heat; but as we do not profess to understand this hypothesis, notwithstanding the assertion of Dr. Ewell, that it will be comprehended by all, who are 'capable of forming a distinct idea,' and that it has been approbated by many of the faculty, particularly by the

'learned Dr. Hosack, an eminent practitioner in the city of New-York,' we shall once more take the liberty of referring its merits to the decision of his readers. We cannot refrain, however, from acknowledging our obligations to Dr. Ewell for a very comfortable 'reflection,' which he has introduced into his work, while on the subject of *adipocire*, or that substance resembling spermaceti, into which animal bodies are converted in particular circumstances. After mentioning the attempts, which have been made in various manufactories in England to use it as a substitute for tallow, he observes, that 'the product is found to have a disagreeable odour, which no doubt might be corrected; and then persons dying may have the pleasing reflection, that their bodies, instead of affording food for disgusting insects, will be exhausted in furnishing light for the illumination of elegant rooms and other useful purposes.'! On the milk of various animals the author is diffuse. He compares them with each other; he details with accuracy their constituent parts, their properties, and the different proportions, in which they are combined. While on this subject, he is naturally led to speak of the formation of butter and cheese. We do not profess to know much on these domestick topicks, but we assure the author, that the reputation of his work is not much increased by the insertion of a receipt for making Stilton cheese, on newspaper authority. The discourse on manures and the food of plants is written with accuracy and judgment; and notwithstanding the liberal use, which the author has made of the ideas and language of Thompson, he undoubtedly deserves much praise for the manner in which he has stated the most important

facts and experiments known on this subject, and the interesting deductions that naturally flow from their discovery. If the observation of Dr. Ewell, which proves that pit coal, when reduced to an impalpable powder, is a very excellent manure, be found correct by the experience of others, the inhabitants of his own state will have reason to view with gratitude the author of this discovery.

We have at length arrived to the 'concluding address,' which we have kept in reserve as a *petit morceau* of criticism for the lovers of novelty. This non-descript production, it seems, 'was delivered before the Philadelphia Medical Society, at their session in 1804, for the privilege of being an honorary member of that respectable association,' and equally disgraces the author, by whom it was composed, and the society, by whom it was tolerated. We confess, we think the title dearly bought, for the author appears to have lost his wits in the purchase. With a degree of candour, however, which is not always attached to the writings of learned men, Dr. Ewell acknowledges, that

'A part of the doctrine here advanced was first introduced into the society by the accomplished and not less learned than eloquent Dr. N. T. Chapman, formerly of Virginia, at present one of the practitioners of physick of Philadelphia. The doctrine, which it endeavours to support, is, that animal life is not in consequence of the agency of an intelligent spirit, called *vis medicatrix*, which regulates the motions of the body, as supposed by one set of philosophers; nor in consequence of its being the effect of stimuli acting on the excitability of the system, as taught by their successors; but that it (life) is in consequence of the affinities of matter exercised on each other when the necessary states are created.'

We have before heard that some other great men of Philadelphia had advanced opinions in favour of

this theory, and had considered man merely as a compound of oxygen, azote, and some other gases, from whose actions on each other resulted that catenation of motions, termed life; but we were inclined to attribute these visionary ideas to a momentary enthusiasm, excited by some unexpected effects, resulting from chemical action, when, like the Pythia of Delphi, they uttered in their 'moody madness' a mass of incoherent expressions, which their obsequious pupils fashioned into a doctrine of animal life. To enter on a discussion of what Dr. Ewell calls doctrine in this address, would be an insult to our readers, by inferring, that their minds might possibly be warped by the warmth of argument, or biassed by the weight of intellect, which he discovers in its composition. The only passage, which affords even the shadow of an argument in favour of his hypothesis, is that in which he quotes the experiments of count Rumford and the abbé Spallanzani, and mentions the presence of animals in various parts of the body, whose production has never been satisfactorily explained. With this beggarly account of reasons, he imagines he has demonstrated what has escaped the penetrating genius of the whole sect of materialists from Democritus to Darwin. But we are convinced that those, who have withstood the formidable arguments of Hartley and of Priestley, are in no danger of being prostrated by the *vox et pretere nihil* of Dr. Ewell. We might considerably extend the limits of our review by extracting the many sublime passages, which are disseminated through this address, but we shall reserve only the last paragraph, as a fair specimen of the style and sentiment of the author.

‘When indulging our imagination, and viewing what chemistry was a few years back and what it now is, where can we set bounds to our expectations! You know that the science is but lately freed from the fetters of Egyptian hieroglyphicks; its embryo is just emerging from the troublesome trammels of alchemy. The conductors, now cherished in the bosom of nature; almost omnipotent, because united will not be retarded in their progress. A knowledge of all the laws of matter may yet be acquired, and then we will find persons vying with nature in forming the most valuable productions. Nor will active and revolutionary man rest with such success! Growing tired with the tardy operations of nature, he will seize at once her agents, and will in a few moments combine them, thereby forming all the articles used as the necessities and luxuries of life. Perhaps too, he may progress still more. By a zealous industry and cordial union, possibly he may be able, by his art, to prepare the state, to ascertain the constituents, to apply them together, so as to *crystallize* a man! All other collateral branches will proportionably improve. And when a man is thus formed, the artist may be able to rob the heavens of their electricity; to convey it at pleasure through our immense beds of carbon, converting them into diamonds, and with these erect a refulgent mansion for his earthly residence.’!

On the perusal of this passage, we were ready to exclaim with Cicero, quosque tandem abutere nostra patientia? The attention, however, of our modern Prometheus and his élèves, would not probably be confined to the physical happiness of their crystal. They would watch the developement of its moral faculties. They would place in its hands the writings of Spinoza and of Godwin, and teach it with the former, that God is but another name for substance, which involves within itself the necessary causes of the changes, to which it is exposed; or to speak in the language of Dr. Ewell, that life is not the consequence of the agency of an intelligent spirit, but of the affinities of matter, exercised on each

other, in the states created; and with the latter, that moral obligations are merely impediments to the march of mind, and that a state of perfection is fast approaching, when liberated man shall own no law but will, and suffer no punishment but the pangs of conscience. Endowed with these principles, they would send forth their crystallizations to people our gun-boats, or colonize our Louisiana possessions, unless they were inclined to ‘exercise new affinities in the states created,’ and dissolve in the humid atmosphere of the former, or melt in the fervid heats of the latter.

..... ‘Pah,
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
To sweeten my imagination.’

Upon the whole, we have been disappointed on the perusal of this book. The author, we are confident, possesses talents, and by bestowing more time and labour on the composition of his work, he would have made it what he promises in the preface. At present the character of these Plain Discourses appears to be, that with the abstraction of ‘something new,’ they may be considered as a tolerable compendium of chemistry.

In a work like this, professedly devoted to the ‘people,’ our readers will not expect many observations on its style. With them the author seems contented to move along in the humble sphere of language. He rarely rises above mediocrity, and he cannot always be said to be guiltless of bad grammar. One cannot help remarking the liberal use of epithets, which are applied almost indiscriminately to the very great men of our own country. He seems delighted to acknowledge his obligations to the ‘indefatigable professor, Dr. Barton,’ ‘that celebrated chemist,

Dr. Mitchell,' the 'not less learned than accomplished Dr. Miller,' the 'accurate experimenter, Dr. Woodhouse,' the 'accomplished scholar and secretary of the navy,' the 'venerable and hospitable Mr. Henderson,' and the 'accomplished and not less learned than eloquent Dr. N. T. Chapman, formerly of Virginia, at present one of the practitioners of physick of Philadelphia.' With respect to the execution of the work, it is printed on good paper with a clean type, but it was with much regret we noticed such a multitude of typographical errors in a book, which issued from a press usually so correct as that of Brisban & Brannan. We are informed, in a note by the author, that 'several material errors have most unfortunately escaped an earlier detection, in consequence of some parts of the work being unusually hurried through the press.' The occasion of all this haste we know not, but we are assured, that the publick would not have been disappointed nor injured at the delay of the work a sufficient time to correct these 'material errors.' In fact we are inclined to doubt whether the proof-sheet was ever inspected. Besides a number, which the author has corrected, we have noted several, which are of importance, as they effect the meaning, or sense of the passage; among these are 'minium' for minium, 'sceptic' for septic, 'sulphur' for sulphuret, 'glans' for glands, 'chalk damp' for choak damp, 'from' for form, &c. &c. The pages of this work are continually disfigured with the minor errors of the press, such as 'soop,' 'morter,' 'quarts,' 'apotite,' 'metallic,' 'sacharine,' 'diamons,' 'medic,' &c. and with the omissions of letters in some instances, and their wrong collocation in others. We

have thus finished the review of this work, and we dismiss it with this advice to the author, that in future he would remember the recommendation of Horace, *Nonum prematur in annum.*

ART. 16.

Original Anecdotes of Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, and of his family, his court, his ministers, his academies, and his literary friends. From the French of Dieudonné Thiebault, professor of belles lettres in the royal academy of Berlin. Vol. I. pp. 433. Philadelphia, E. Bronson. 1806.

OF the greatest warrior, that Europe produced in the last century, whose prudence was never diminished with success, and whose spirit was inflexible after defeat; of him, who, not satisfied with the glory of conquest, aspired to be ranked with legislators, and even panted for the honours of philosophy, we must receive familiar anecdotes with peculiar delight. The political character of Frederick is too well known to be illustrated in this work; but it proposes, beside exhibiting other great men, his contemporaries, to give us his sentiments on the common business of life, to show him, as a son, a husband, a brother, or as a wit, a critick, and a metaphysician.

The author was invited, as a Professor, to Berlin in 1765, twenty-five years after Frederick mounted the throne, when his disposition must have been formed, and his principles fixed, and the intimacy, allowed to the Frenchman, is often his boast. In his preface he declares, 'The first law, which I prescribed to myself on entering upon this work, and from

which I have never deviated even in thought, was to write with the strictest fidelity respecting the facts it should contain. I solemnly declare, no single word appears in it that has not my entire belief.' That all the stories in his work were believed by the relator, we shall not dispute, for we wish not to gauge the capacity of any man's faith; yet we are sure his readers will be far behind him in facility of confidence.

The first volume is divided into three parts, viz. of Frederick the great, of his family, of his court. At the author's introduction the monarch openly avowed his fondness for the French, and contempt of his native language. This was perhaps the most grateful and least suspicious compliment, he could have bestowed on a French critick. But neither despotism, nor fashion can introduce a new language among a civilized nation, while it continues independent. Frederick would have appeared more patriotick in promoting the refinement of his vernacular idiom, than by his unavailing attempts to naturalize a foreign tongue. A sailor once said, the only mode of distinguishing our countrymen from the English, and thereby saving them from impressment, would be to invent a new language, and compel all the subjects of our government to adopt it. But we think it a more effectual way, to evaporate the ocean.

Of the reputation, which is least deserved, we are often most tenacious. Frederick had an uncommon expansion and comprehensibility of reasoning, but his education had not been sufficiently regular to preserve him from frequent solecisms. Yet he affected to school all the literati of his capital. Thiebault delights to inform us of the mortification his

colleagues received from the king; while he usually escaped by a deeper knowledge of his master's disposition. Once, however, after a long controversy on a topick of morals, the royal logician told the professor, 'My dear sir, you do not understand such subjects as these.' To his will obedience was commonly paid; but the honour of man was sometimes vindicated even in the palace of this arbitrary and capricious monarch. A dispute between him and an architect is worth insertion, though the design of the king was followed.

'The king would have an ordinary staircase in a small room to the left, and an antique grotto in the place of the vestibule. Leger declared he would draw out no such plans. The dispute became warm; each was equally tenacious and positive. . . . "I am the master," said the king; "I command that these plans shall be altered agreeably to my directions." . . . "My honour is concerned," replied Leger, "and to no consideration shall it be a sacrifice: Leger will never himself proclaim to his successors that he had a barbarous and vulgar taste; that he was wholly ignorant of his art; or that he was base enough to violate all its rules in compliance with an ill-timed respect."

That Frederick was fond of dogs, and hated his wife, had fifteen hundred snuff-boxes, and was a delicate epicure, we knew before this volume reached us. Perhaps too much attention is given by the author to such trifling memoranda; but we are often instructed in the causes of events, long known and little understood. We may even find something connected with the present state of Europe. Frederick and his brother Henry were often at variance, and the root of the enmity is discovered in page 218.

'The political reasons that made him averse to the total annihilation of Poland led him to conceive a plan, by

means of which he was persuaded he could place that country in a situation to oppose a powerful barrier to the innovations of Russia, Turkey, and Austria, in case of need : he accordingly regarded Poland as a useful ally of Prussia, of Sweden, and of Denmark. Such are the secret motives of his implacable animosity towards his brother for having prevented his nomination to the crown of Poland, and towards his nephew for having made the last partition of that country.

But certainly too much of the work is below the dignity of a professor, and scarce worth a second perusal.

‘There was a chamberlain in the court of the queen-mother, named M. de Morein, who was a man of so circumscribed an understanding, as to be constantly held up to ridicule in the sphere to which he belonged. Even after his death some facts were related of him that appeared almost incredible ; such as his being unable to recollect whether at the siege of such a place he was the besieged or the besieger, and whether it was himself or his brother who was killed in such a campaign. It was to this M. Morien that the marquis d’Argens lent the same volume seven times over ; and being asked afterwards how he liked the work, replied, “I think it, sir, an admirable production ; but if I might speak my opinion freely, the author sometimes repeats the same things.” The English ambassadour requested him to present to the queen-mother the earl of Essex, then on his travels, and added that it was not the earl of Essex who had been beheaded under queen Elizabeth. Accordingly M. de Morien, at the usual hour of presentations, said to the queen, “Madame, I have the honour to present to your majesty the earl of Essex, a native of England and a traveller ; for the rest, the English ambassadour has assured me that he is not the same earl of Essex who was beheaded under queen Elizabeth.”

The anecdotes of literary men, by all of whom Frederick was ambitious to be praised or abused, seem the best parts of the work. Rousseau and Raynal gained little kindness from the Prus-

sian monarch, and the latter scavant is still more severely treated by the Professor of the Berlin academy.

‘It is notorious that, during the revolution, the abbe Raynal recanted his opinions in the most inconsistent and least honourable manner. He died while preparing a new edition of his *Philosophical History*, in which he purposed to suppress all that related to philosophy. Was he in reality convinced of the falsehood of his opinions ? No ; he gave them up from deference to those whose favour he courted. Self-love, vanity more than pride, the most rapacious avarice, the most unqualified boasting, and the yearning he felt to be the subject of men’s thoughts and conversation, were the passions which during his whole life, perpetuated in his heart a violent and interminable warfare. These were the passions that made him successively a priest who would accept a bribe, a writer rich in the labours of others, a visionary philosopher, an incorrigible tyrant in colloquial society, and, lastly, a hypocritical religionist. The king of Prussia took the most cruel revenge of him in persisting to talk only of those of his works, of which he was really the author ; of the two which, as the abbe well knew, had excited no esteem. Every one knows that his *Philosophical History* contains nothing but the name that is his own.’

The Philadelphia publisher, whose press is famous for its elegant editions, particularly for that of Lorenzo de Medici, has always been liberal and diligent in forwarding us new and valuable publications ; but he has either not sent us the 2d Vol. of this work, or it has miscarried.

ART. 17.

Vol. I. part I. Feb. term, 1806. Reports of cases argued, and determined, in the Supreme Court of Judicature of the State of New-York. By William Johnson, esquire, counsellor at law.—New-York, I. Riley & Co. 1806.

THE small series of reports, with which Mr. Johnson has recently

favoured the profession, is valuable, both on the score of its own merits, and as it gives promise of future productions. If it does not prove that the legal science of our country is perfect, it yet shows that it is meliorating. If the fruits of our judicial systems be not ripe, it proves that, in their natural tendencies, they are ripening. Adjudged cases, well reported, are so many land-marks, to guide erratick opinion. In America the popular sentiment has, at times, been hostile to the practice of deciding cases on precedent, because the people, and lawyers too, have misunderstood their use. Precedents are not statutes. They settle cases, which statutes do not reach. By reference to books, an inquirer collects the opinions and arguments of many great and learned men, on any particular topick. By the aid of these, he discovers principles and relations, inferences and consequences, which no man could instantaneously perceive. He has, at once, a full view of his subject, and arrives without difficulty, to the same conclusion, to which, probably, his own mind would in time have conducted him by a slow and painful process of ratiocination.

But precedents not only *assist* the judge; they, in a good measure, *control* him. They tend to bring the judicial system to that excellent condition, in which the law, and not the judge, decides cases. They prevent the substitution of personal opinions for the doctrines of the law. Judges will sometimes affect to play the *chancellor*, and following an ill-judged notion of *equity*, they pursue the phantom, through courses, devious as the serpent's, and dark as midnight. *Equity* doctrines, combined in questions at common law, tend to annihilate all

legal certainty and to confound all principle. The law becomes 'without form and void, and darkness is on the face of it.' There is a medium. No man, in this age, contends for the illiterate constructions, and black-lettered niceties of the ancient gownmen; nor will a wise man push to the other extreme, and overwhelm all certainty and all rule in the chaos of *arbitration* principles. A discreet judge will take a middle course. He will neither fly to 'the extremity of the west, nor run away *beyond Aurora and the Ganges*.' Settled cases narrow the ground of private opinion. They are useful in enabling the profession correctly to advise their clients. They leave less to the judge, and render the *rule* more certain. This is the legitimate use of precedents.

We beg Mr. Johnson's pardon, and the reader's, for wandering so far from his book.

The case of *Ludlow & al. vs. Browne, & al.* page 1, seems to be nothing more or less than a question of fact, viz. whether the plaintiffs were bonafide owners of the goods in question, or whether they had merely accommodated the French merchants with their names, with the fraudulent design of covering the property with the mask of neutrality. If this point had been decided by a jury, there would have been an end to the cause. The case of *Tucker vs. Jubel & al.* p. 20, is still more destitute of any question of law. It ought to be expunged from the book.

In the case, *Foot vs. Tracy*, p. 46, the court, notwithstanding it consists of *five* learned judges, is said to be equally divided. The question is whether, in an action for a libel, the defendant can give in evidence, under the general issue,

the general character of the plaintiff in mitigation of damages? Ch. J. Kent and Mr. J. Thompson hold the affirmative; Mr. J. Livingston and Mr. J. Tomkins the negative. Mr. J. Spenser gave no opinion, but the reporter has not favoured us with the reason. The impartial balance of the law is thus kept true to its level!

We know of nothing more unhappy for the publick, or more discouraging to those engaged in professional pursuits, than the disagreement of judges. When the ardent inquirer has laboured through the tangles of a complicated and ensnarled statement; when he has toiled after counsel up the steep ascent of inference, induction, conclusion; eager to be solved of his doubts, and overborne perhaps by the pressure of contradictory cases and opinions, he looks to the court for final decision, and beholds, depressed and disheartened, uncertainty and doubt emanating even from the oracle! If six months severe study and reflection could have made the court agreed in the case of Foot vs. Tracy, the time would have been well expended. Mr. J. has reported above forty cases. Of these, several are questions of practice, which are indeed useful to the junior part of the profession, in introducing them to an acquaintance with the administration of publick justice. Perhaps not more than twenty of the cases in this volume involve much difficulty or legal obscurity. In *five*, the most important of these twenty, the court disagree. This seems to be a great portion of causes of that description. We happen to have Cranch's Reports before us, while we write this, a book of about 500 pages, and upon examination we find no case in it, in

which the court was divided. In the Court of King's Bench in England eleven successive years have elapsed without presenting a diversity of opinion among the judges in a single case; and perhaps for thirty years, in that court, there was hardly as much difference of opinion on the Bench, as happened in the New-York court, in the Term, in which the cases, which Mr. J. reports were heard. The cause of this difference is a subject deserving consideration. Would it not be better, if, in *ordinary* occasions, but one opinion, and that the opinion of the *court*, were expressed?

The case of the People vs. Barret and Ward, p. 66, is a highly important one in the principle it involves, but totally unimportant as a precedent from the disagreement of the judges. Judge Livingston's argument in that case is a happy specimen of juridical reasoning.

In the case, Foot vs. Tracy, we observe the marginal abstract is incorrect. The same remark applies to the case of Livingston vs. Cheetham, and to that of New Windsor Turnpike Company vs. Ellison.

There are some errors of the press, which we do not note. The type is handsome and the paper good. There is a great deal too much *margin* on the pages, for any good purpose. Modern books of poetry and plays have already crowded our shelves with white paper. *Ohe, jam satis!* The references to authorities are generally correct and pertinent.

On the whole, we believe the Profession will be thankful to Mr. Johnson, not for making a *book*, but for making a *good one*.

ART. 18.

Miscellaneous Poems, with several specimens from the author's manuscript version of the poems of Ossian. By J. M. Sewall, Esq. Portsmouth, Wm. Treadwell & Co. for the author. 12mo.

THIS little volume, however deficient in other respects, certainly cannot fail to please, if *variety* be the criterion. It is 'a thing of shreds and patches,' and contains fragments of every species of poetry from epick to epigrammatick. The merits of its component parts are perhaps as unequal, as they are various, and if they sometimes excite a disposition to praise, we are oftener compelled to censure. We occasionally find vigour of genius, brilliancy of imagination and poetick imagery; but much more frequently weak conceptions, dull and feeble versification, that appear rather the offspring of a mind imbecile and heavy, than of one,

..... cui mens diviniore, atque os
Magni soniturum.

Lord Monboddoo, we are told, *believed in tails*; and with a similar degree of faith Mr. Sewall is one of those, who believe in the authenticity of the poems of Ossian. The rhapsodies of Macpherson, sugared over with a counterfeit rust of antiquity, have gained a reputation with some, from whose orthodoxy in literature we had expected better things. That the multitude should mistake madness for inspiration, and extravagance for sublimity, is not marvellous; but every one who reverences the great masters, Spencer, Shakespeare, and Milton, cannot but grieve, that unmeaning declamation should so lead common sense captive, as to usurp the

place of the natural, simple, and pathetick descriptions of our best poets. It is not unlike 'strenuous idleness' for a man of genius to waste his powers in attempting to reduce to measure, that which can please only by its wildness and savage irregularity. Yet in the specimens from Ossian of the work in question, we find some of his most laboured and finished passages, polished with great care, and least liable to critical animadversion.

In his levities he displays no inconsiderable talent of embellishing trifles, and giving interest to occurrences in themselves trivial, by the adventitious aids of humour and vivacity. His epigrams have generally the necessary and distinguishing ingredients of wit and point, without which they can never be tolerated.

The profiles of eminent men are sometimes lifeless and inanimate sketches, dull and prosaick in versification, and afford not a few examples of genuine anti-climax. In others we have bold and characteristick delineations, giving the most distinguishing features of mind, with a grace and dignity hardly to be expected from the shackles of an acrostick.

The devotional poems in this book deserve great praise for piety, fervent but rational, zeal without fanaticism, and seriousness without gloom or asperity.

ART. 19.

Memoirs of the life of Marmontel, written by himself. New-York, Brisban & Brannan. 1807. 2 vols. 12mo.

THIS work was composed by Marmontel, for the instruction of his children, during his seclusion in the village of Abbeville, at a

time, when every Frenchman, who would not kneel to the revolutionary colossus, kneaded with mire and cemented with blood, found it necessary to fly from the furies of Paris. It is written in a familiar style, and, as the author more than once informs us, seems intended only for his children. The two first volumes (now in one) comprise the little anecdotes of his years at school; the acquaintance which he there formed; the history of his various instructors; the societies into which he afterwards became initiated; the secrets of his amours; and the success of his literary labours, &c. &c. Most of the portraits, contained in these memoirs, though professedly of the greatest characters of the eighteenth century, are merely local, and excite but little interest; however pleasing they may be to his children, they are not of sufficient consequence to the world, to occupy so large a part of the work. That of one Hubert, toward the end of the second volume, is of this description; after giving an account of 'Cramer,' a 'bookseller:'

'Hubert had a talent, less useful, but amusing and very curious in its futility. You would have said he had eyes at his finger's ends. With his hands behind his back, he would cut out a profile as like, and even more like, than he could have drawn with a pencil. He had the face of Voltaire so strongly impressed on his imagination, that, absent or present, his scissars represented him meditating, writing, in action, and in all attitudes. I have seen landscapes cut out by him in white paper, where the perspective was preserved by him with prodigious art.'

The third and fourth volumes contain some brief sketches of the

revolution, its causes, and its consequences; anecdotes of its leaders, their corruption, and intrigue; together with a variety of facts, now better known, and more circumstantially related by those, who have made it a business to collect and compile them. As the author took no part in the revolution, and mentions only those things, which concern himself, or those, with whom he was acquainted more particularly, nothing is here found, that can be considered new and interesting; and nothing interesting which, at this time, is new. He writes on this subject with all the feelings of a Frenchman, who has escaped the madness of faction, and who is compelled to view the downfall of his country from the recesses of concealment; and on this topick, discoursing to his children, we are willing to look with all indulgence.

Upon the whole, the Memoirs of Marmontel deserve no greater praise than that of being *amusing*. They contain nothing of much consequence to any class of readers, excepting those, who are fond of fiction and romance; and to these, the style and the matter will meet with friends.

A comparison of the American edition, with that printed in London in 1805, in four volumes, will be in favour of the former; for though there are many faults not to be found in the original, such as, 'tolerably severe,' 'nascent beauty,' &c. &c. yet these are common to both translations.

The type is small, but as it will generally be read by very young eyes, this may be no great objection. Book IV. is printed 'Book III.,' lineal is spelt 'linial,' and 'nature,' in two places, has the final letter omitted. There are several other trifling inaccuracies

in the execution, probably arising from the fineness of the letters. The binding is neat, and the paper good. We are pleased to observe, that this work is compressed to the size of two volumes, and should another edition be issued, we think the best part of the matter might be contained in one.

ART. 20.

The Culex of Virgil ; with a translation into English verse, by Lucius M. Sargent.

Parve Culex, pecudum custos, tibi tale merenti,
Funeris officium vitæ pro munere reddit.

8vo. pp. 44. Boston, Belcher & Armstrong.

THE first question concerning the *Culex* is, whether it be Virgil's. In proof of its authenticity Mr. S. has inserted in a note the authorities collected by Heyne, from Suetonius, Statius, and Martial; and has noticed the objection of Ruæus, founded on the comparative meanness of the poem. In answer to this objection, Mr. S. 'humbly conceives,' that, supposing with Ruæus, his author was twenty-six years of age when he wrote the *Culex*, 'he might have written the *Bucolics* at the age of thirty, without progressing beyond the gradation of poetical improvement.' We know not on what principles Mr. S. has graduated his scale of poetical progression; but, in ordinary calculations, we should not predict, that the author of a humble, obscure poem, of doubtful appellation, written at the age of twenty-six, would, at the age of thirty, produce the most polished and captivating pastorals. In making these remarks, we have taken it for granted, that Mr. S. intended to speak of the *Culex* as the text now stands; for he has said nothing of its genuineness.

That Virgil wrote a poem called *Culex*, is indisputable. The authorities, which Mr. S. has quoted, prove this point so fully,

'That the probation bears no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on.'

But we could have wished him to shew, whether it has descended to us in such a tolerable state of purity, that Virgil's reputation as a poet is in any degree involved in the production. If Mr. S. has submitted to the drudgery of comparing Heyne's text of this poem, with his marginal notes, and remarked the various readings, the frequent interpolations, and the perpetual corruptions, we think, if at all skeptical in his nature, he must be led to doubt whether this poem can strictly be called the *Culex* of Virgil. It is a well known tale, concerning the vessel in which Theseus of Athens sailed to Crete, and returned to his country after an unprecedented exploit, that, by continual renovation of its parts, its identity became a question of much sophistical debate. Whether the poem under consideration furnish as worthy a topick for the display of dialecticks, is a question that we shall submit to the learning of the schools.

We think it would have been proper for Mr. S. to have prefaced the poem, both the original and the translation, with the argument. This he might have found, for the former, furnished to his hand in Heyne's edition, where it is sufficiently full and perspicuous. It would also have been an improvement to have printed the original text and the translation on opposite columns, and to have numbered the lines of each.

In remarking on Mr. S.'s translation of this mutilated, *Eucolic-Heroick* poem, we are disposed to

allow him all the indulgence that ever translator claimed. Where, of different readings, the true one was doubtful, he had the right of choosing; and where the reading was obscure, he had the right of guessing. There is, in different parts of this poem, such a mixed mass of mythology and fable, so blended, so obscure in design, and so sudden in transition, that we are not disposed to blame the translator for his occasional freedom in supplying the evident deficiencies of his author, by that which his classical reading has enabled him more fully to express.

He has taken a small liberty of this kind in the story of Tantalus, as related by the Gnat, after his visit to the shades:

..... 'Vix ultimus omni
Restat, nectareas Divum qui prodidit
escas,
Gutturis arenti revolutus in omnia sen-
su.'—*V.* 239, &c.

..... 'Here doomed in hell
To feel a thirst, he sees the means to
quell,
Sad Tantalus remains; condemned by
Jove,
For stealing nectar from the starry grove.'

The tale of Orpheus Mr. S. has told very much in a manner of his own, without any particular regard to the original.

We have noticed, on the other hand, several lacunæ; particularly an allusion to the fable of Phaëton, (*v.* 126, &c.) Some trifling omissions we observed in passing, which we think not sufficiently important to call for censure or complaint.

The general character of this translation is that of a freedom, which we should not approve, were the *Culex* as perspicuous, as those writings of Virgil, with which we are more familiar. But considering the intrinsick defects of the

poem, we are inclined to vindicate Mr. S. from the charge of too great liberty in his manner of rendering it into English, and to grant him the praise of presenting to us a story better told, with more interest, and with more gracefulness, than the materials from which he was obliged to compose it, entitled us to expect.

The following extract will serve for an example of Mr. S.'s manner:

'O, bona pastoris!' &c.—*V.* 57.

'Blest is the shepherd's life! ah, happy
swain,
Who seeks no joys beyond his native
plain;
Nor pants for wealth, nor heaves a
wishful sigh
For all the charms of pageant luxury.
For him no joy can Syrian dyes impart,
Nor costly bowls, the boast of Alcon's
art;
Nor splendid halls, nor stones of fairest
hue,
Nor pearls that toil from India's ocean
drew.
But oft, when Spring, and all her charms
appear,
And Flora's pencil paints the blooming
year,
Full light of heart, from some green
bank he views
The various fields, and notes their
sev'ral hues;
Or, all at ease, beguiles his hours away,
Whilst with his reed he tunes some
past'ral lay.
Vines, curling o'er him, shade the ver-
dant ground,
And rip'ning clusters hang luxurious
round.'

The style and versification of this performance are generally correct. But we should be accused of partiality to Mr. S., if we were to pass unnoticed a few defects, which we are confident, with a little more labour, he would have avoided.

'You fam'd in war, Octavius,' &c.

In this grave address to the prince, *thou* is much to be preferred; and we remark incidentally,

that, *fam'd in war* is not authorised in the text which Mr. S. has used ; 'cui meritis oritur fiducia chartis.' Chartis is undoubtedly the correct reading, and not castris ; for it must be remembered, that Cæsar was yet a *puer*, and had not distinguished himself in the field.

'Those' and 'these,' followed by 'this' and 'that,' and applied to the shepherd's flock, we mention for the consideration of Mr. S.

The 50th line, '*To mount,*' &c. an Alexandrine, which neither closes a paragraph, nor a period.

'Where none may go, but those whom Minos doom.'

We are confident Mr. S. is not reduced to such poverty of language, that he feels it necessary to sacrifice grammatical propriety to an imperious call for a rhyming word.

..... 'This aid 'tis hard to find,
If (whether) chance produced, or fate
itself designed.'

While we congratulate the publick on this small accession to the specimens of American literature, we cannot but express a wish, that Mr. S. had directed his industry and talents to some undertaking, which would have entitled him to more praise. Should he hereafter invite us to compare his productions with the poets of Greece or Rome, we hope they will contain something more interesting, than the death, the infernal peregrinations, and the ghostly, but vocal apparition of a Gnat ;—a rare gnat indeed ;

'Corvo quoque rarior albo.'

ART. 21.

The Salem Collection of Classical Sacred Musick ; in three and four parts : consisting of psalm tunes and occasional pieces, selected from the works of the most

eminent composers ; suited to all the metres in general use. To which is prefixed, an introduction to psalmody. Second edition. Boston, printed by Manning & Loring, for Cushing & Appleton, (Salem.) pp. 136.

TO the honour of the literary gentlemen of Salem they were the first to resist an imposition, which was lately attempted to be practised, by some of our southern brethren, in the republication of Dr. Rees' Cyclopædia. In this resistance we united our exertions, not however from malice, or because we were glad of the occasion ; but because it is the duty of good men to be watchful over each other for the general edification. For whoever supposes, that the good men of this world must be perfect, has made but little observation on human nature, and is in danger of losing his charity, which ought never to fail. The good only can bear reproof. The plain language, which they use one towards the other, falls into a rich and healthful soil, and brings forth fruit, sometimes sixty and sometimes a hundred fold. It is only the vain and impertinent coxcomb in literature, who cannot bear those faithful rebukes of a friend, which are designed only to heal a diseased, or to strengthen a debilitated frame.

We are not content to approve merely, but we must declare our unqualified approbation of the sentiments, which are contained in the preface to this work, and which were likewise prefixed to the former edition. They were written by no common hand ; and we recommend them to the frequent perusal of singers, especially of such as are engaged in forming collections of sacred musick,

We wish that psalmody was more generally a subject of attention with christians, especially with those to whom nature has given a taste for the delights of harmony, and a voice to aid in its performance. It is a most rational and delightful employment. We soon lose the relish for that species of musick, which is designed only to display the powers of the voice, or the skill of the performer. The sober employments of domestick life too soon banish from the family circle the instruments, which seem almost exclusively devoted to the works of Italian, French, and English masters, whose complicated and artificial pieces are frequently learnt with extreme pain, and too often forgotten without regret. All the time, consumed by the generality of our fashionables in the acquisition of this science, is thus, in a great proportion of the scholars, lost. It is the loss of a most valuable accomplishment, for 'musick is in itself a language; and we may add, that it is more universally understood by mankind in general, whose nerves vibrate in unison with its selected tones, than any other language among the dialects of the earth.' The reason of this loss may be, that in the common songs, glees, and even in many of the pieces, which scholars are taught, there is but little to elevate the mind, and to inspire a taste for the science. The greater part is mere tinsel, shining with false lustre for a moment, very costly, but of little value. But the object of psalmody is the praise of our Common Father, in whose praise the highest intelligences are constantly engaged, and with increasing delight. It is almost the only amusement of youth, which never loses its relish in old age. It is a per-

petual source of consolation, and always enhances the felicity of our purest and most elevated affections. It is the natural expression of gratitude, and none has more reason for gratitude, than the christian, to whom it is permitted, while passing through this scene, to view in perspective the promised land.

The cause of the decline of church musick is to be attributed principally to the ignorance of our teachers of the art. 'In villages, where there are no organs,' says Dr. Miller, 'the *singing-masters* may do a great deal; but they have much to *forget*, and much to *learn*. Fondly attached to compositions in many parts, and those chiefly composed by unskilful men, abounding in ill-constructed *fugues* and false harmony, they are apt to treat with contempt the simple, but elegant melodies, used in parish churches; but, would they study the various beauties of *expression*, the true *portamento*, or conduct of the voice, free from all nasal sounds or screaming exertions—a proper pronunciation, and the energetick expression of emphatical words; they would soon find, that these despised melodies, when properly performed, with true *pronunciation*, just *intonation*, and feeling expression, are as capable of fixing the attention, and affecting the hearts of the congregation, as more elaborate musick.*

In most of our churches a set of tunes are sung, in which the congregation cannot join. There appears to us to be as much impropriety in excluding any from a participation in what ought to be a common act, as there would be in reading

* *The Psalms of David for the use of parish churches. The words selected from the version of Tate and Brady, by the Rev. George Hay Drummond, the musick selected, adapted, and composed by Edward Miller, Mus. Doct. London. price 12s6.*

the prayers, or delivering the sermon, in an unknown tongue. It is perhaps owing to this circumstance, that there are so many, who do not join at all in this employment, or who do it with indifference. We therefore wish, that the ballad-like and indecorous compositions of many ignorant modern composers might be banished from publick worship ; and that the noble ancient melodies might be recalled from exile, and restored to their just rights and privileges. We would not however entirely proscribe the more quick and complicated melodies, some of which, particularly many by Pleyel, Hadyn, and Costellow, are charming specimens of musical composition, and admirably suited to devotional occasions.

We have indulged in these general remarks, because we always advance with a slow and melancholy step to the painful task of noting the faults of *excellent* productions. For, as though the editors of 'The Salem Collection of Classical Sacred Musick' meant to exemplify in their work the truth of the closing remark of the preface, 'that perfection seems only to shun us in proportion to our endeavours to approach her,' we observe defects in this edition, from which the former was in a far greater degree free.

"Let others hail the rising sun,
We bow to that, whose race is run."

'The eminent professor of musick' has, we think, deformed with modern improvements the grandeur of associations, which ages have consecrated. The *airs* of the tunes, it is true, remain, in most instances, untouched. But there are in this collection twenty-seven tunes,*

* All Saints, Angels' Hymn, Bath, Brecknock, Old Hundred, Osnaburgh, Portugal, Richmond, Rickmanswouth,

in which the other parts, especially the two upper, are so greatly altered, from what they are in any collection of sacred musick within our knowledge, that we hesitate to recommend it, as we were prepared to do, as the companion in churches, and the guide in schools.†

We confess, that several of the tunes, which we have enumerated in the note, have been cruelly mangled by almost every American compiler, who has copied them. If the offence were indictable, no grand jury would find a bill against many of the offenders of this class for any thing short of murder. What ! can't they read ? or are they Goths and Vandals, who love to make war upon taste and antiquity ? The 'professor' ought, we think, to have furnished some authority, for so widely deviating from the most approved European standards. We admit, that the emendations evince an acquaintance with the rules of musick : but whether it arises from our depraved taste, or from the strength of early impressions, or from our attachment to the doctrines of the reformation ; we must confess, that we prefer *Old Hundred*, as it has generally been sung by the best writers, and as it was probably written by Martin Luther, to any alterations which even a Handel could make. Alterations ! this is the age of alterations : science, as well as government, trembles at the revolutionary spirit of the times.

—
Rockingham, Truro, Winchester, Armley, Mecklenburgh, Putney, Canterbury, Colchester, Dunchurch, Irish, Old Eighty-One, Pensance, Bangor, Buckingham, Wantage, Sutton, Psalm 96, and Italy.

† When we referred to this Collection in page 51 of the present volume of the Anthology, we had not seen the second edition.

In justice to this selection, it ought to be stated, that the typographical execution is handsome and very correct; that the tunes are, with few exceptions, from the compositions of eminent masters; and that the 'Introduction to Psalmody' is, on the whole, a useful one. We wish that, consistently with our fidelity to the publick, we could have spoken of this

work only in a style of commendation. But it is no surprising thing, that it should be imperfect. Where is the book, which is free from defect? We console ourselves with the reflection, when we see a good man fall into a fault, or a wise man guilty of an error, 'that there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease.'

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL
INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICAN.

....
"Philadelphia, April 15, 1807.

"THE opening of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, appointed for this day, was very generally attended by the contributors. It is but justice to the Directors to say, that the number and selection of Casts, they have imported, do great honour to their exertions. The figures are from the choicest pieces of statuary in Europe, and, arranged with taste and judgment, formed a splendid exhibition, and gave universal satisfaction. The following appropriate address on the occasion, was delivered by GEORGE CLYMER, Esq. President of the Institution:

"THE Directors of this Institution, having fixed on a day, for opening the building, dedicated, by your liberality, to the Fine Arts—they now call you together to witness how the trust committed to them has been executed. And intending at the same time, a short address to you, its founders and patrons, the task of its delivery, from the avocations of some gentlemen, has fallen upon me.

With this exposure of their work, it would be well, if the directors could say that the funds, so generously supplied, had been equal to the objects—And that they could speak confidently of their saving management in the expenditure, but this, I fear, would be a questionable theme; the truth indeed is, that the cost has exceeded the estimate. The calculations of unexperienced zeal are seldom just: And besides they have been less intent upon sparing your money, than solicitous to advance

your reputation: And they have perhaps fallen into that mistake, which is ever fortunate when it gives birth to schemes of publick usefulness, that might, otherwise, not have been undertaken.

This acknowledgment, notwithstanding, I shall present you with nothing like a statement or account, with its deficient balance; this will come from another quarter, together with a plan from the directors, for relieving the Academy from some present embarrassments, as well as for supplying the means of placing it upon a firmer and broader establishment.

If the contemplation of the pieces of exquisite workmanship, that encircle you, would of itself impart a knowledge, as it will an admiration of the art that produced them, you might expect something, in this address, upon its principles—Some indeed, there are among us, who have a professional acquaintance with such subjects—but these are few, and the rest, not particularly instructed, are, I trust, not inclined to supply the defect of science, by the affectation of taste, or the cant of connoisseurship; their business is not to offer the proofs of any present skill, but to lay the foundation, to furnish the means of the future attainment; and on this, none need apprehend the failure of success. No nation has the proud monopoly of genius, or can make itself its exclusive seat; wherever there are men, there genius is to be found.—Besides the universality of this grant of nature, instances sufficient are in evidence that we have not been omitted in the dispensation. Our country, it is

true, has produced chiefly the bud or germ ; for the developement and expansion of the natural talent, with some very respectable exceptions, it has been as yet much indebted to the fostering care of some other. Hence in one of the most pleasing departments of the arts, a West, a Copley, a Stuart, and a Trumbull, who might have withered & declined in their native bed, by transplantation into a more improved soil, have arrived at the fullest growth of excellence. In this home establishment you provide what may make such excellence all your own—a school for study, a field for competition ; and become, moreover, the instruments in diffusing a taste throughout, to ensure general encouragement, and particular patronage.

If your just pride should be excited, from this one consideration, not to neglect a child of your own, it may be no less piqued by another.

The visitors to us from the other hemisphere, before the era of our revolution, came to a new country, with dispositions to estimate us, more by our advance on the course, than by our distance from the goal : and they were pleased to find that in its nonage, it had proceeded so far in culture and refinement. Those of latter days, now that we have cut the cord of foreign dependence, and set up for ourselves, discover a very different humour. Overlooking or derogating from whatever is valuable or praise-worthy, aggravating some blemishes, and contemning all things, in a new scene, which they have not the faculty to understand—instead of presenting a likeness of the country, they have disfigured it with a moral and physical caricature ; insomuch that the notion they have succeeded, in their books of travels, in impressing upon the too willing belief of the ancient world is, that it demands the hardihood of a Ledyard, or of a Mungo Parke, to explore the miseries of our wilderness, and to encounter the barbarity of our manners.

Witnesses of the diligent habits, and various enterprizes of the American people, they ascribe to avarice what is due to freedom, which always prompts the labours of man by the assurance it gives him, that the fruit is all his own ; and they insist, with a wonderful harmony of detraction, that all our pursuits are selfish—and that going straight for-

ward in one sordid path, there is nothing sufficiently powerful to allure us from it, either to the right hand, or to the left.

Your effectual support of this institution, wherein no personal motive can be pretended, will be so far a practical contradiction of the libel, and prove its best refutation.

Nevertheless, objections will be made to your design, as a departure from accustomed simplicity—Between simplicity and refinement, or if you will, luxury, the question has been frequent and undecided ; but if luxury be a consequential evil of the progress of our country, a better question, perhaps, it would be, how is it to be understood ? Where an unrestricted, and unoppressed industry gains more than simplicity requires, the excess, as it cannot be pent up, will be employed upon gratifications beyond it—how retain the cause, and repress the effect ? Philosophy and the laws would here teach in vain ! where a constantly rising flood cannot be banked out, the waters should be directed into channels the least hurtful—so ought the exuberant riches, which would incline towards voluptuousness, to be led off to objects more innoxious—even to those of greater purity and innocence ; those that will not pamper the senses, but rather amuse, if not instruct the understanding ; and it may, with some truth be observed, that those who carry the whole fruit of an assiduous and successful toil to the common hoard of national wealth, undiminished by any waste of it, but on the few wants of simplicity, contribute with most effect to the refinement or luxuries, to which, in their practice, they seemed most averse.

Such being the consequence of a growing opulence, the alternative would be, not as between simplicity and luxury, but between the grosser and more refined species of the latter. Where is the room then, for hesitation in the choice ?

But are our particular objects alone to be cherished ? are none else worthy of our care ? This is best answered by remarking, that ours are well suited to a voluntary society ; that all the liberal arts are of a kindred spirit—kindling at each other's flame ; that as members of the same family, they have a mutual sympathy and relation ; naturally flourishing together ; the best examples in

poetry, eloquence, and history, being always contemporary with those of sculpture, painting, and architecture. In this institution you directly or indirectly promote them all.

The mechanick arts, we mean those of the more ingenious and elegant kinds, not failing of the inspiration, the workman in them is converted into an artist, and they partake of the common benefit. Every fashion, which always comes in as a beauty, and goes out as a deformity—fashion, on whose incessant change the judgment takes so little part, may be brought more under the dominion of taste, with her ‘fixed principles and fancy ever new.’

But a stronger incentive to second your original efforts remains—your interest in the national reputation. Men identifying themselves with their country, take it with a salutary prejudice to their bosoms, and I trust not from this natural bias, for which we have the strongest pleas, but that we have a pride in whatever tends, in the world’s estimation, to exalt the character of our city, and that we gratulate ourselves on its numerous institutions, which regard our charities, our civil economy and police, and extending in not a few to the interests of literature and the sciences—among which may be particularly distinguished the philosophical society—the very extensive publick library—the museum, that spirited labour of an individual—and the enlarged medical school.

An establishment for the Fine Arts is now our principal desideratum, and perhaps more than all, in adding to its attractions, may contribute to determine the choice of the hesitating stranger to Philadelphia, as the desirable seat of reason and politeness.

A further doubt than what has been suggested, may be urged against your design. It is whether your country has reached that point of exaltation which calls for, or justifies it?

Let him who may suggest the doubt, bear this truth in mind, that every civilized and intelligent community, naturally rises in its condition, and that it is only from the defect of wholesome principles in the political association where this consequence is not perceived; it is indeed chiefly in arbitrary monarchies, in which the whole being is of less account in the eye of government, than the individual at the head,

and the universal good held in subordination to his particular interest, where this tendency is resisted, or a country made stationary or retrograde.

The forms and objects of our various American governments are of this tendency, and when improved by experience, and ameliorated by time, they will, as we are bound to hope, be the guarantees of our growth and prosperity. But there are other contributory causes—a geographical position and figure, the most favourable to a foreign commerce; and to supply it, the double fertility of spring and autumn: so unusual to regions of our temperature, with a rapid agricultural improvement. An increase of population, unknown to any modern time, and now proceeding at an accelerated pace. Those, we may say, are the principles that as a nation have already carried us the full length of some, and those not the *least* considerable, of the European states—having seen their effect in part, we may prophecy the rest, that we are destined to a rank and station with the *most* considerable.

These few considerations, as the subject will be enlarged on by your own reflections, have been thought sufficient by the directors for this occasion—and with these few they venture, to solicit the continuance of your support to this object of your munificence. To solicit indeed is unnecessary—It is enough, they are persuaded, to hint that the institution is still in need of the hand that raised it—that without it, it may decline to a mere monument of abortive zeal, ominous of future undertakings, instead of what it ought to be, the evidence of a successful labour, so highly creditable to your city and to yourselves.

Not that the directors mean to confine themselves to the original patrons, their hope does not rest solely on your liberality: trusting that many there are of a congenial spirit yet untried, who, following in your steps, will cheerfully incline to assist your views.”

....

At a meeting of the Members of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, in the Hall of the Academy,

The following resolutions having passed the Board of Directors, were proposed and unanimously adopted, to wit:

Whereas, this Society has obtained

a Charter of incorporation, and by the aid of voluntary contributions, have become possessed of a valuable appropriate building, erected under their own authority and direction; and also of a considerable importation of Casts, from the most celebrated collections of Statuary. For the purposes of more firmly establishing the said institution, and rendering it commensurate with the laudable intention of its supporters, Be it resolved,

1. That the rights and property of the Society shall be divided into 300 shares.

2. That every subscriber of 50 dollars in cash, and paying an annual subscription of 2 dollars shall receive a certificate of proprietorship, for one share, to be held in perpetuity by himself, his heirs or assigns.

3. Transfers of shares may be made by the proprietors in person, or by attorney, with the approbation of any three of the Directors, and in the presence of the President or Treasurer, subject always to the said annual payment of 2 dollars; and the proprietor of each share of stock, for the time being, shall be entitled to a free admission into the Academy at all times within the hours appointed for publick exhibition.

4. The building having been erected on two lots taken on annual ground rents for the purpose, Resolved, That the surplusage arising from the annual payment of 2 dollars on each share, after the payment of the said ground rents, shall be solely applied to the forming a sinking fund, until the sum is sufficient to purchase off and extinguish the same, unless other means be adopted for that purpose.

5. That the monies which shall hereafter be received from the subscription for shares, shall be duly applied in the following order, to wit: first, to the discharge of the present claims on the society, for materials and work applied to the building—Second, to the discharge of all monies now held on loan—Third, that the remainder, together with the revenue arising from the exhibition, after deducting the salary of the attendant and other contingent expenses, shall be applied to the further promotion of the objects of the institution.

6. Those who are now subscribers under 50 dollars, shall be invited to

make up their subscriptions to that amount—and such as decline doing so, shall have a free ticket, and enjoy all the rights to which they are now entitled, but shall not be considered as share-holders on the terms of these resolutions.

7. All subscribers to the institution, either by contribution or loan, who incline to become share-holders as aforesaid, may be credited to the amount of their subscription, or any part thereof, in payment for shares of stock as they shall respectively apply for.

American Mathematical Society.

Convinced of the utility of mathematical investigation; its great importance in every part of mechanical science; its subserviency to the convenience of mankind; and the abridgment of labour, a number of gentlemen of Philadelphia, and other parts of the United States, convened in the Philosophical Hall, in the city of Philadelphia, June 2, 1806, and resolved to institute a society for the promulgation of mathematical knowledge. They then proceeded to digest and adopt a constitution, for the better regulation of their subsequent proceedings.

Having adopted the constitution, the society proceeded to the election of officers, and the standing committee, when

Mr. Robert Patterson was chosen president,

Mr. Samuel B. Wylie, secretary, and Mr. Joseph Clay, treasurer.

Messrs. Clay, Wylie, and Delamar, the standing committee of correspondence.

The society being thus organized, proceeded to business, and pitched upon the following subjects as prize questions; and

Resolved, 1. That a premium of fifty dollars be awarded to the author of the best approved compendious system of practical surveying.

2. That a premium of thirty dollars be given to the author of the best approved piece upon the theory of arches to support weight and pressure. Both pieces to be put into the hands of the secretary on or before the 15th day of April, accompanied with letters respectively, signifying the candidate's name and place of residence.

The committee think it unnecessary

to enlarge upon the importance of such an institution. Should the mathematicians in the different parts of the United States contribute their exertions to its support, not only the present, but future generations will reap the advantage. Animated with these views, the committee of correspondence address the several mathematicians in the United States, with a display of the general outline of the constitution of the society, and most cordially solicit their co-operation in promoting the object of the society, and invite them to attend the next stated meeting.

EUROPEAN.

The designs of Mr. Flaxman from the Italian poet Dante, which were originally composed in Italy, for Mr. Thomas Hope are at length preparing for publication, they consist of one hundred and nine subjects, of a smaller size than his compositions from Homer. Mr. Flaxman has also thoughts of publishing his compositions from the Lord's Prayer and acts of Mercy, the result of many years study. He also is employed upon compositions from

the Greek poet Hesiod. This eminent artist has in hand the following pieces of sculpture. A great national monument of Earl Howe for St. Paul's Cathedral, and a statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds for the same place; a statue of Mr. Pitt for the city of Glasgow; a publick monument to the late Josiah Webb, Esq. for India; with several inferior commissions both publick and private. He has just completed a magnificent statue of the Raja of Tanjore, for that Prince, and a monument to the Rev. F. Swartz a missionary, who died in the Raja's dominions.

Mr. Northmore has nearly completed an Epick Poem, of ten books, upon which he has been engaged for a considerable time: it is entitled, *Washington, or Liberty Restored*, and, exclusive of the Imagery, is entirely founded upon historical records.

Mr. Janson who has lately returned from America, has brought with him many interesting materials towards furnishing a complete survey of the state of society and manners in that country: which will speedily appear in one 4to. volume, accompanied with a number of engravings.

CATALOGUE OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES. For APRIL, 1807.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—MART.

NEW WORKS.

The American Ship-Master's Daily Assistant, or compendium of marine law, and mercantile regulations and customs; being a correct and useful guide to all men in business, especially those employed in the merchant-service. Explaining, by judicial decisions, the duty, authority, and responsibility of ship-masters, and the liability of ship-owners for the contracts or misconduct of those they employ as masters, &c. The whole carefully compiled from undoubted authorities. 8vo. pp. 608. Portland, printed for D. Johnson. J. M'Kown, printer. 1807.

War without Disguise, or the Frauds of Neutral Commerce a justification of belligerent Captures; with observations on the Answer to War in Disguise and Mr. Madison's Examination. Shewing that the true interest of

America requires the rigid application of the British Rule of '56. New-York, Brisban & Brannan. 62½ Cents.

The Culex of Virgil; with a translation into English verse. By Lucius M. Sargent. 8vo. pp. 44. Boston, printed at the Emerald Press, by Belcher & Armstrong. 1807.

Transactions of the Society of Duchess County for the promotion of Agriculture; with select Essays on Rural Economy, chosen from various authors, and published by order of the Society, Vol. 1, No. 1. Poughkeepsie:

A Statement of Facts relative to the late proceedings in Harvard College, Cambridge. Published by the Students: 12mo. pp. 12. Boston, April 10, 1807.

Don Quixotes at College, or, a history of the gallant adventures lately achieved by the combined students of Harvard University; interspersed by some facetious reasonings. By a Senior.

8vo. pp. 20. Boston, Etheridge & Bliss, for the author.

No. I. of the New-Milk Cheese, or the Comi-Heroick Thunderclap, a semi-globular publication, without beginning and without end. By Van Tromp, (of the honourable society of Knights Errant.) 8vo. pp. 24. Boston, printed at the Van Tromp Press. 1807.

Letters occasioned by Rev. Samuel Worcester's two Discourses on the perpetuity and provision of God's gracious covenant with Abraham and his seed; detecting, by plain scripture, stubborn facts, and sober reason, some of his gross misrepresentations, unfounded assertions, and sophistical arguments. By Daniel Merrill, A. M. pastor of the church of Christ in Sedgwick. 12mo. pp. 92. Boston, Manning & Loring

An Address, pronounced at Hatfield, on the 4th March, 1807, in commemoration of the inauguration of Thomas Jefferson, as President of the United States. By Samuel Brazer, jun.

An Essay on the Human Character of Jesus Christ. By William Austin. 12mo. pp. 120. Boston, William Pelham—price 75 cents.

The importance of preaching the Word of God, in a plain distinguishing, and faithful manner. A sermon, delivered at the ordination of the Rev. Josiah W. Cannon, to the pastoral care of the church and congregation in Gill, (Mass.) By Theophilus Packard, A. M. pastor of the church in Shelburne. Greenfield, J. Denio.

A discourse, delivered at the dedication of the new academy in Fryeburg, June 4, 1806. By the Rev. Nathaniel Porter, A. M. Portland. Thomas B. Wait. 1806.

A sermon, delivered at Ashburnham, May 22, 1806, at the interment of Mr. John Cushing, jun. who expired at the house of his father. By Seth Payson, A. M. pastor in Rindge. Leominster, (Mas.) S. & J. Wilder.

A discourse delivered next Lord's day after the interment of deacon Peter Whitney, who departed this life Dec. 9, 1805, in the 60th year of his age. By Nathanael Emmons, D. D. pastor of the church in Franklin. Providence. Heaton & Williams.

A sermon delivered at Hartford, January 6, 1807, at the funeral of the Rev. James Cogswell, D. D. late pastor of the church in Scotland, in the town of Windham. By Nathan

Strong, pastor of the north Presbyterian church in Hartford. Hartford. Hudson & Goodwin. 1807.

NEW EDITIONS OF WORKS.

....
The New American Practical Navigator: being an epitome of navigation; containing all the tables necessary to be used with the nautical almanack, in determining the latitude and the longitude by lunar observations; and keeping a complete reckoning at sea: illustrated by proper rules and examples: the whole exemplified in a journal, kept from Boston to Madeira, in which all the rules of navigation are introduced. Also, the demonstration of the most useful rules of Trigonometry: With many useful problems in Mensuration, Surveying, and Gauging: And a dictionary of sea-terms; with the manner of performing the most common evolutions at sea. To which are added, some general instructions and information to merchants, masters of vessels, and others, concerned in Navigation, relative to Maritime Laws and Mercantile Customs. By Nathaniel Bowditch, fellow of the American academy of arts and sciences. Illustrated with copper-plates, engraved by Hooker. Second edition, with many improvements.—Newburyport, E. M. Blunt, (proprietor) for Wm. Andrews, No. 1, Cornhill, Boston. 8vo. pp. 680. May, 1807.

A new system of Domestick Cookery, formed upon principles of economy, and adapted to the use of private families. By a Lady. 12mo. pp. 295. Boston, Wm. Andrews. 1807.

Memoirs of Marmontel, written by himself. Containing his literary and political life, and anecdotes of the principal characters of the eighteenth century. First American edition. In two volumes. Vol. I. pp. 117. Vol. II. 208. 12mo. New-York, Brisban & Brannan.

A Voyage to Terra Firma, on the Spanish main, in South America, during the years 1803 and 4. By F. Depous, formerly agent of the French government at Carraccas; with a very large map of the country, &c. 3 vols. 8vo. price \$6,50, boards. New-York, Brisban & Brannan.

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STATEMENT OF DISEASES, &c.

from March 20 to April 20.

HIGHEST station of the barometer 30.2. on the 18th day of April.

Lowest, 28.7. on the 31st day of March.

Greatest heat, on the 20th day of April, 70°.

Least heat, on the 1st day of April, 30°.

Prevalent winds from the east.

Little disease has been seen during this month, compared to those, which preceded. The most prevalent complaint has been pneumonic inflammation; with this disorder children particularly have been affected. Reliques of the influenza, which has prevailed, are now and then seen, and they sometimes have constituted an obstinate and formidable disease.

The cow-pock inoculation has been generally resumed.

EDITORS' NOTES.

ALTHOUGH it is contrary to the general rules which we have prescribed to ourselves to admit controversial discussions as to the merit of opinions and principles, advanced in any speculations which we publish, because the zeal and animosity of the disputants would soon fill our publication and thus exclude more useful matter; yet, as the letter from a Roman Catholick is written in a liberal and gentlemanly style, and as the author of the letters, which he attacks, is perfectly willing that an explanation should take place, we think proper in *this instance* to depart from our general rule, most devoutly wishing, that it may be the end of the controversy.

In justice however to our correspondent, whose letters we are publishing, and at his request, we add, that he is happy to find so respectable a Roman catholick denying, that indulgences, either in their origin or in their abuse, have ever been applied to the encouragement of crimes, by affording *cheap* and *certain* modes of obtaining remission of sins, and that he feels fully convinced, that the personal character of the gentlemen, at the head of the Catholick establishment in Boston, is a sufficient pledge that no such misapplication of the power will ever take place here.

But that the 'Roman Catholick' may be convinced, that our correspondent,

although 'so ignorant that even the beggars of Loretto might have taught him better,' is not singular in his ignorance, we take the liberty to make a quotation from the British Encyclopedia, omitting the most bitter and severe passages, which might justly offend the Roman Catholic. See article *Indulgences*. 'Indulgences are a remission of the punishment due to sins, granted by the Romish church, and supposed to save a sinner from purgatory.' The form of one of them, quoted in the Encyclopedia, is as follows, 'May our Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on thee, and absolve thee by the merits of his most holy passion; and I by his authority and that of his blessed apostles Peter and Paul, and of the most holy pope, do absolve thee, first from all ecclesiastical censure, which thou mayest have incurred; then from *all thy sins how enormous soever* they may be, even from such as are reserved for the cognizance of the holy see. I remit to you all punishment which you deserve in purgatory on their account,' &c. &c.

It is not perceived, that there is any material distinction between licenses to commit offences, and pardons and remissions after they are committed; provided these pardons are granted *of course*, and for certain *fixed and stated prices*. Now that these indulgences were *sold* and at certain *fixed rates*, we are informed by many writers; but it may be as well to consult the standard work above quoted, which states, 'that the terms in which the retailers of indulgences described their benefits, and the necessity of purchasing them, are so extravagant, that they are almost incredible. The popes are now more sparing of this favour, but they still carry on a great trade with them to the Indies, where they are sold at two rials a piece, and sometimes more.'

The author of the letters from Rome might perhaps make an answer equally satisfactory, or at least adduce authorities equally respectable, for all the opinions which he has advanced; but it would lead to a discussion exceeding the limits, which we have prescribed to ourselves. He would probably find very little difficulty in proving the intolerance and spirit of persecution, which prevailed in the Roman catholic church in its days of prosperity; nor would he think this practice in any de-

gree justified by the conduct of the protestants in any country, who, stimulated by revenge, and other passions equally opposed to the true spirit of christianity, may have sometimes imitated, though very humbly, this very bad example of the ancient catholics. With respect to the catholics in this country, though it might be thought a little ridiculous in them to boast of their not exhibiting *here* a spirit of persecution, yet we are authorised by the author of the letters from Italy to declare, that he has the highest respect for the learned, pious, and respectable gentlemen, at the head of that church in Boston; that he is convinced of the utility and importance of their labours, and that he is sorry that any free and general remarks, applicable to certain abuses in the church of Rome, should be thought by them to bear, in the smallest degree, upon the opinions and principles of men, whom he wishes to believe incapable of countenancing all the errors and absurdities, which have crept into the practice of the catholics in some countries.

ERRATA.

As a number of errors escaped us in the first impression, we hope our readers will excuse the repetition of the following latin lines:

Nox erat illunis, cœlique ex culmine fluxit
 Nix, Boreasque ferox turbine late ruit.
 Fœmina quum, infelix, callisque ignara patens,
 Infantem amplectens tristia verba dedit.
 'Sævus erat genitor, qui me chara æde repulsit;
 Sic venti, qui plent pectora mœsta gelu.
 Sævior is longe qui uxoris brachia liquit;
 'Hei mihi, pro dira pellice blanda fui.
 Tu puer infelix fove membra in pectore tristi
 Nam satis est fluvii, grandinis atque feræ.
 Frigore væ! torpent concreto parvula membra;
 Oh! renovent lacrymæ quæ matris ora rigant.
 Infelix! infans obiit; genitorque recusat
 Et virsat sævus deferuisse torum.
 Dein cecidit! plorans ex imo corde dolorem
 Fatalisque cito corpora languor habet
 Atque infauti juxta infantis membra ponebat;
 Atque cubans obiit. (Sic sacra Musa canit.)

In the latin poetry by L. M. Sargent, published in the Anthology for March, line 16, for *miserus* read *miseris*; line 39, for *Horrens* read *Horrificans*; line 41, for *Deu* read *Dea*.

Page 158, middle of the first column, for *seldom* read *sold or*.

Page 164, for *cume* read *cum*; and for *voriamur* read *moriamur*.

ADDENDUM.

Page 152, 2d column, line 14 from bottom, before *bodies* insert *white*.